MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 12 80p

180-PAGE SPECTACULAR:

Nine Christmas Eves plus your Top Twenty girls

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EXCLUSIVE: THE STAGING OF 'STAR WARS'

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WHAT AN EYEFUL: THE OCULIST'S AROUSING ASSISTANT

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SENDING UP SKATEBOARDS: THE CRAZE CARTOONED

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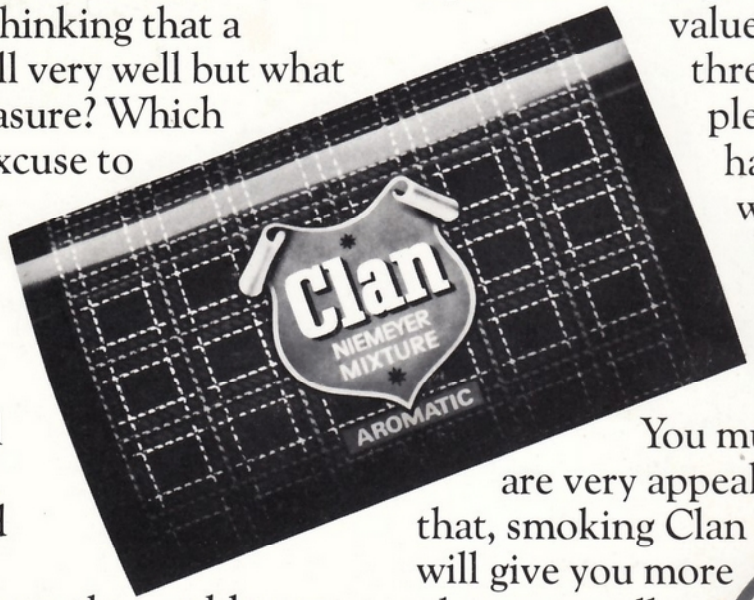

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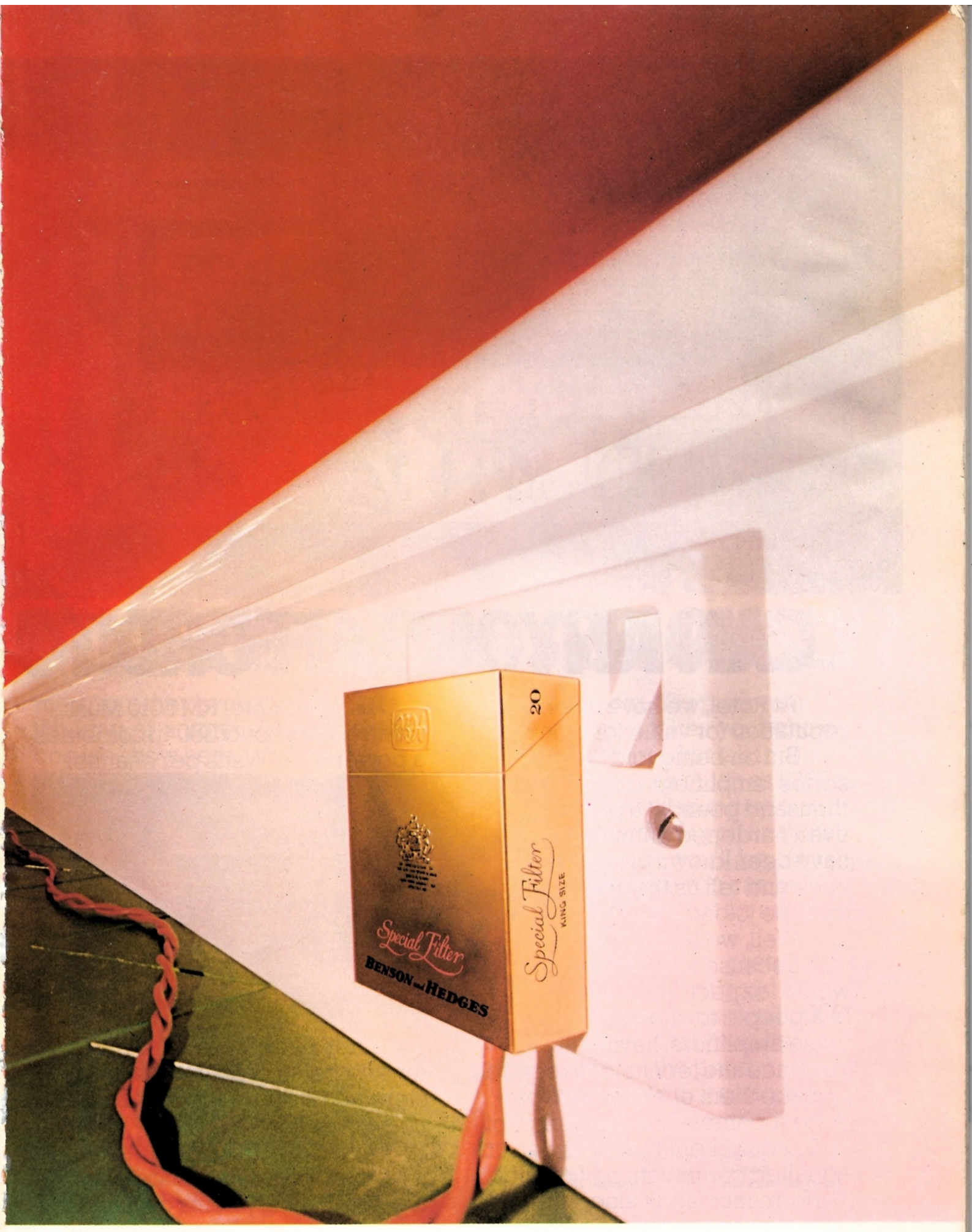

WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

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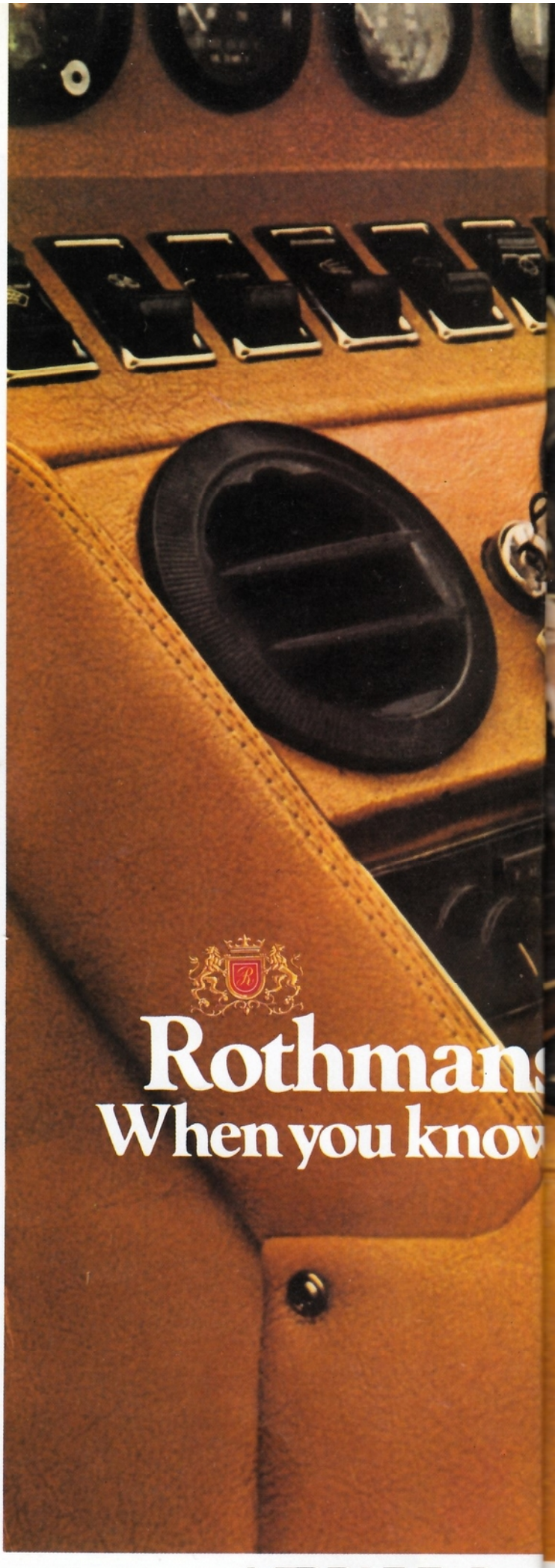
SCENE

Last Christmas, we ended the year with our biggest-ever issue – a 180-page blockbuster that, judging by its enormous sales, went down a treat. Now it's time for a repeat performance with a Christmas special which we think is even better than last year's. There's our biggest-ever Girls of the Year review; an inside peek at the film *Star Wars* which promises to be the biggest cinema smash of all-time; a double helping of motoring; fiction, humour, features plus all our regular items like Quest, Carrie, letters and reviews. And the penny-wise amongst you will have noticed that the price of this bumper bundle is only 5p more than it was last year. So ignore the blandishments of the box; send your good lady out to stuff the turkey; pour yourself a glass and settle down to *your* Christmas treat. You've earned it. Incidentally, if last-minute presents are a problem, take a lead from cover and centre-girl Penny Chisholm. Her shoes and jewellery in the photo-set come from, respectively, the widely-available Sacha and Chicha ranges; the skateboard is from Alpine Sports, WC2.

Talking of treats, take a look at 'Miss Carstairs.' the oh-so-prim Victorian who features in our specially-staged photo-sequence which begins on p124. The set was shot (and try saying that when you've had a few) on location at the Keighley and Worth Valley Railway in Yorkshire, a five-mile stretch of track that not only carries regular fare-paying passengers into Keighley, but has also been used as a location for films and TV including *The Railway Children*. Pride of the line is a carriage that has been converted into a totally authentic Victorian pub serving real ale. This moving pub can be hired for special parties, or if that seems a touch extravagant, you can sip your pint in the company of some of the one million passengers carried by the line since its inception in 1968. The price of a round-trip ticket –a mere 60p, and times of trains are listed in both the British Rail and Cooks Continental timetables.

As regular readers of the magazine will know, the editorial content of *Mayfair* operates very much on non-political lines. There are two basic reasons for this policy. One is our feeling that there is ample political comment and opinion in other branches of the media and, after all, we are in the business of 'Entertainment for Men' and it's open to argument whether politics is that entertaining. The second reason is that in presenting any political view it is, in our opinion, hard to present an impartial and fair picture of a particular situation. With these criteria in mind, it must at first sight appear that by publishing Ian White's story *The White Man Must Die* on p22, we have performed a massive about-face, for not only does the story have a strong political theme, but it is set in potentially the world's most politically and racially sensitive country – Rhodesia. So why have we published the story? Let it be said from the outset that our motives are part-literary, part-humanist.

The White Man Must Die is not only an extremely well-written piece which despite its controversial subject-matter manages to avoid bias, but, more importantly, it presents a human side to a situation which is invariably thought of in stereotypes. Ian White himself is a 30-year-old engineer born in Nigeria to British parents. He lived in Rhodesia for nearly 25 years and saw military service there. His two children were born in Rhodesia. 'The story is based very much on fact,' maintains Ian, 'and to my mind it sums up in part the honest confusion that exists in a lot of people, both black and white, in Africa today. My knowledge of these people made it increasingly difficult to come to terms with the unthinking and unnecessary military brutality on both sides and this was one of the major reasons for my leaving.'



H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
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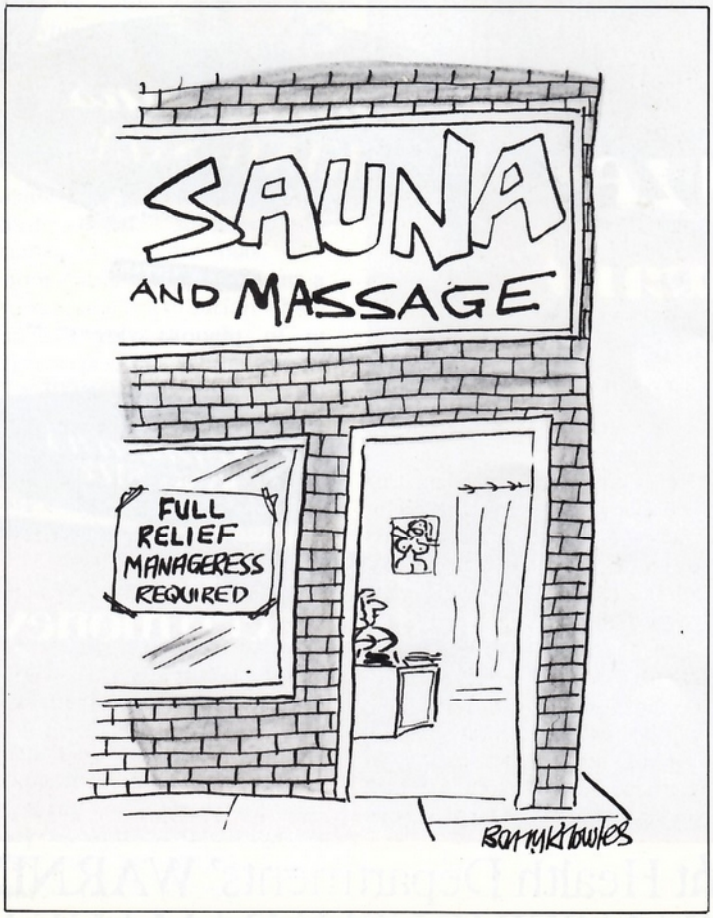
LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

My honeymoon went with a zip – a real zip unfortunately. For the zip was on my trousers and it became jammed in a most painful position.
With my worried wife by my side I was caught with my trousers half down aboard a British Rail ferry.
The Chief Officer answered a call for assistance – a call that medical attention was required in a first class cabin.
Responding at once, he opened the cabin door and was met by a scene that shook even him. I was standing with my treasured assets well and truly caught up in the zip fastener and my anxious bride was wringing her hands in dismay.
Acting with great efficiency the Chief Officer carefully cut around the zip with scissors, leaving the offending zip hanging forlornly upon an even more sadly forlorn object. He wrapped the lot in a triangular bandage the best way he could because not even the medical books could help him.
On arrival at Harwich both my bandage and I were taken to hospital for attention.
We did have a second honeymoon later.
B Q, Orkney

Zip-adedoo-dah, eh?

It's said there's nothing new under the sun. Not true. Lately my wife and I have 'invented' a sex toy designed around a proportional radio control outfit, as used on model planes and boats. Basically it consists of a transmitter, known as a TX, a receiver, known as an RX, a power pack, and two servos. I'll explain the original outfit and what it does now.
The TX is hand-held and control is exercised by moving two levers. The movement is transmitted via the receiver (RX) to the servos and from there to whatever happens to be attached to them. The servos will turn, pull or push. The servos, power pack and receiver of my set weigh twelve ounces but lighter gear is available. One can use either dry batteries or DEACS (rechargeable cells). The range is 'out of sight' and operation is almost silent. It will work quite well in buildings but is better out of doors.
Incidentally, a transmitting licence is required to stay within the law but it is only a formality to get one, as no tests are required. Now for the bad news – the price. The sets start at £50 and can cost as much as £200 – half that for second-hand equipment.
Normally this apparatus is intended for models – your local model shop will supply everything. You may have to get genned up to enable you to buy bits and bobs without saying things which will give the game away.
Now I should explain what my wife and I use our equipment for, though imaginative readers will already have guessed. Have you heard of a radio-controlled wife? It's the ultimate in erotic experiences.
We began by using the gear to work a vibrator which my wife fastened to her body with sticking plaster. We put the RX, the power pack and one servo in a plastic soap box. This makes a smooth compact unit weighing about ten ounces and measuring $4'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2''$. Two wires emerge. One is the aerial, the other a stiff wire to work the switch on the vibrator. For hygiene and safety I use stainless dental wire. When we first experimented my wife wore everything fastened in place with sticking plaster. We have since devised a girdle with pockets which holds everything in place – even if she runs, jumps or dances. Our first attempt at radio-controlled erotica took us to a local park on a deserted evening last winter. My wife sat on a seat and I switched on the TX. As I gave her a short 'burst' I saw her jerk upright. I was then about a hundred yards away. Then I gave her a continuous 'run' for a couple of minutes. She jumped up and walked along the path. Then she froze, turned and stooped down. I continued to give it to her. She started to walk towards me and stiffened and I could tell she'd had it by the way she flopped down again on the bench. I let her relax for about five minutes and then I started her up again. As the power came on she jumped and stared in my direction. Then she lay back, staring up at the sky. After a very short time she slumped down again. I walked to her, she looked shattered. 'Are you having a good time?' I asked her.
'No more, love,' she pleaded.
That night in bed we had a most successful love-making – and without electronic assistance.
On another occasion I made her have a climax in a queue at the supermarket. She came as she reached the checkout. Nobody paid any attention.
At present we are working on a radio-controlled spanking device. This is a rather Heath Robinson affair but I think it should be fun. Our mark one version works when it feels like it but the second version should be better. It consists of a wheel powered by a $\frac{1}{4}$ hp Hoover motor. To the wheel are attached a number of belts. As the wheel spins the belts fly out fan-wise. Any object within reach – ideally a female posterior – is struck repeatedly as the belts fly round. We've had trouble slowing the wheel down – nobody wants five hundred strokes a minute. The victim is secured in position in a bending over pose then the wheel is placed in position. The radio-controlled gear is only used to switch on and off, from a distance.
One can tie up the victim for as long as required, go out, and after an hour – from somewhere well away from the scene – turn on the wheel. We aren't trying to inflict pain – we are just trying to excite each other in a novel way. The rewards are worthwhile, I assure you.
D S, Kilburn



Hats off to John Batchelor for his magnificent photographs of the Confederate Air Force (Vol 12 No 9). The quality was superb – so clear and with such good definition that the aircraft appeared for a second or two as though they would actually fly off the page. A truly remarkable piece of photography. It's just a pity that once again it's the Americans who have to show the way by

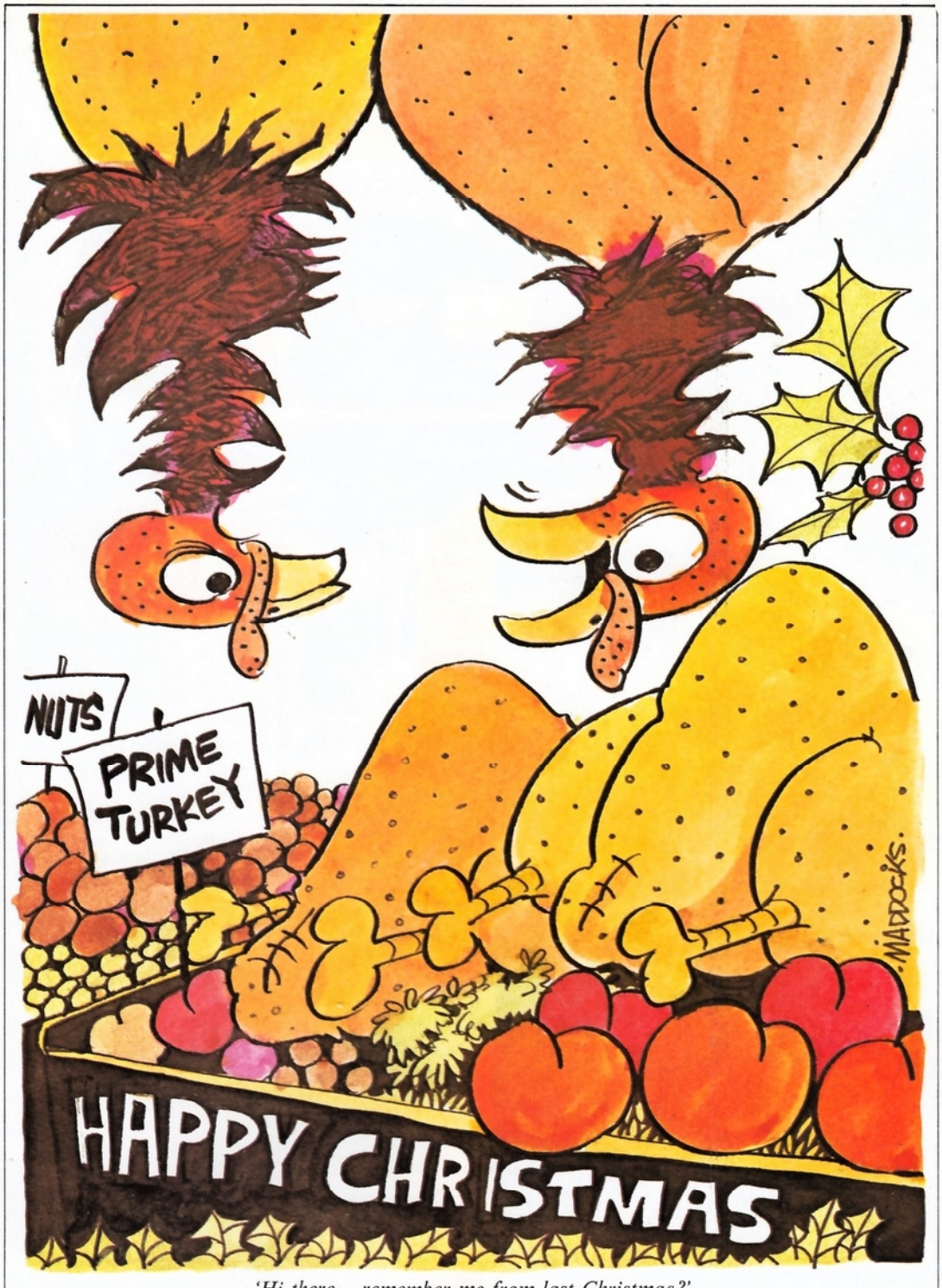
collecting and restoring these World War Two aircraft into flying condition – and flying them.

With our wealth of aero expertise it's a pity we can't emulate the Americans. I note that even the recently retired Concorde, 002 I think it was – one which was used for tests – has become a museum piece and will never fly again. Surely a living museum like the Confederate Air Force is better than a static exhibit?

T P, Sevenoaks, Kent

I'm married to a very attractive girl who hails from the north of England. We have been married two years and I consider myself lucky to have such a desirable wife. Certainly my friends think so and often pull my leg about Hilary (name changed). I have mixed feelings about this – on the one hand I am quite 'chuffed' and on the other a little wary.

My wife and I recently went to London on a long weekend and treated ourselves to an expensive hotel and generally had a good time. Somehow, though, Hilary was different, being more free-and-easy and more than a few times I found her flirting – in her conversation – with the male staff at the hotel. One evening when we returned to the hotel Hilary said she was going to have a bath and could I order some hot chocolate to be brought to the room. It took a long time to arrive so after she had finished her bath I decided to have one myself. Just as I got into the tub I heard a knock on the door. I couldn't see into the room but I knew Hilary only had on her bath wrap. The waiter seemed to dwell a bit too long . . . I could see why when Hilary walked into the bathroom for she was almost uncovered at the front: with her beautiful breasts and belly exposed she must have presented quite a sight to the waiter. I don't know if it was the warm bathwater or the thought of her exposing herself like that but I developed an erection. She laughed as she took hold of it and began to play with me, and this led to a marvellous session afterwards. I told Hilary that it was probably the thought of her exposing herself to another man – something I had never dreamed of before – that had made me feel randy. Hilary said that if the incredible session we had just had was a result then she would see what she could do in the future.



'Hi there – remember me from last Christmas?'

The opportunity arose on the trip home. We took the night train – I don't like sleepers so we booked seats in a first class compartment. There were only two other passengers in with us – an attractive woman, about twenty-five and a young chap on his way to Aberdeen. The girl got off at Preston and no one else got into our compartment so Hilary stretched out on her side – her head at the window end and her legs directly in front of the young man. I noticed him looking at her legs previously when her cheesecloth wrap-round skirt had fallen away. I think she, too, had noticed him for now that we were 'alone' she made no effort to cover up the good bit of leg she was exposing. However, nothing happened and gradually first the young chap then Hilary went to sleep. I tried but as I had to sit up and couldn't nod off I began to caress Hilary's legs, gradually pulling away the divided skirt until she lay flat on her back with her knickers exposed. The material – she only wears throw-away paper knickers on holiday – stretched firmly across her pubic area which was just itching to be touched and soon I was caressing her there too. In her sleep she accommodated my probing fingers and allowed me to first pull the material to one side and then to make a slight tear so I could more easily explore her soft lips. Then as the chap, who until this time had his back to us, turned round I pulled my hand away and buried my head in my drawn-up knees to hide my erection and feigned sleep. Under the

turn to page 19

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Oxford Street, SWANSEA.
Brunel Plaza, SWINDON.
Coney Street, YORK.

Information correct at time of going to press.

Macho. The powerful new men's smell from Fabergé.

LETTERS

continued from page 17

crook of my arm I could see the view Hilary was now offering – pants pulled to the side, the fair hair of her bush exposed. I couldn't tell if the chap was awake but if he was then he couldn't have helped notice. As though in anwer to my thoughts I heard him move, stand up, hesitate and then go out of the compartment. I quickly looked to see if Hilary was awake. I touched her and she moaned softly in her sleep but didn't open her eyes. I was so worked up that I pulled Hilary's legs further apart so that her fanny was now even more exposed and the lips were gaping noticeably. I went back to my seat and when the chap returned I pretended to be asleep again. He closed the door and from the position of his feet he was obviously sat up and looking at her in the dim light. My balls were aching. But even so I wasn't prepared for what followed. The chap took off his shoes and stretched himself across the seats so that his feet were resting only inches from Hilary's thighs. Very cleverly he managed to prise her legs apart even more and managed to insert his big toe into her. He pushed it in a bit more and wriggled it about as I watched fascinated. I couldn't stand it any longer and in trying to control the trembling in my body, moved slightly. He withdrew his feet and pretended to be asleep. The sudden withdrawal made Hilary look up and she covered herself and turned over. When we got home the next morning we had our best sex session ever.
O R G, Scotland

My girlfriend and I – we are both healthy, horny and over forty – took a motoring holiday two years ago in Quebec, along the Atlantic seaboard. We took a small motor launch to a large offshore island to have a picnic and a stroll. During our meanderings we came upon a small secluded beach which is only exposed at low tide. We stripped for sun-bathing and a romp in the surf, but one thing led to another and we found ourselves face to face in knee-deep water and with me deep inside her.
We were enjoying a delightful coupling when we noticed another launch passing by, about seventy-five yards away. It had about thirty passengers on-board. The island is, in fact, a bird sanctuary so, no doubt, many of the passengers would have had binoculars.
We both found the idea of being observed very exciting and continued until the boat was out of sight behind a nearby cliff. Afterwards we stretched out on the sand but thinking about our earlier experience I found that I had developed a solid erection and we enjoyed a second coming. It was fantastic. The brilliant blue sky, the blazing sun and a super orgasm combined to give me a mind-blowing afternoon.
R H, Vancouver, Canada

I wish Trevor Hoyle success with his book(s) *Seeking the Mythical Future*. I thought the *Mind Rape* in Vol 12 No 9 was superb, written with such authority. It made a change, too, from your usual fiction. I can't recall a science-fiction piece in *Mayfair* since Gerald Cole's *Gerontion* in, it must have been, 1973. With the present upsurge of interest in science-fiction, due mostly to *Star Wars*, wouldn't it be an opportune time to inject more SF into the magazine?
H T, Putney, London SW15

Couldn't agree more Mr T, and if you turn to page 60 you'll find Gerald Cole's report on the making of Star Wars *and six pages of exclusive colour pre-production artwork.*

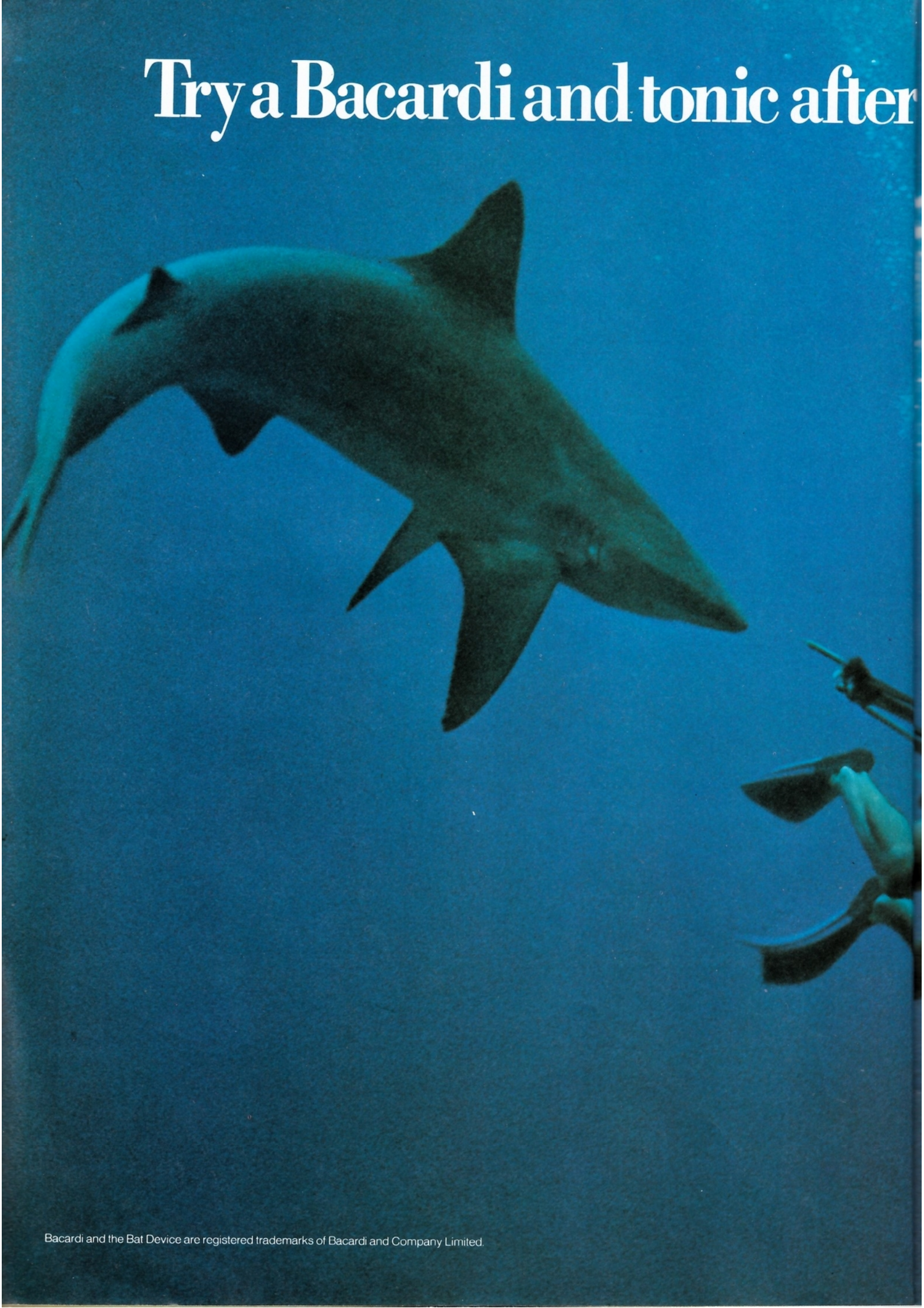
The pictures of Shelagh in Vol 12 No 10 were exquisite. One I found most striking and I will remember it for months to come. It's one of her leaning back into a chair with her dress coming up her legs which are crossed. She has one hand resting on them and the other hand she has on her head. Her legs are raised up and her pussy is visible peeking through.
Would you get her to autograph the picture for me and ask her to write me a rude letter on the subject of her putting me over her knee and spanking me?
R B, Blackpool

No: Ed.

After being married for three months we have just bought our first edition of *Mayfair*. My wife and I found the pictures in very good taste, so we

turn to page 169

Try a Bacardi and tonic after



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THE WHITE MAN MUST DIE

Fiction by Ian White

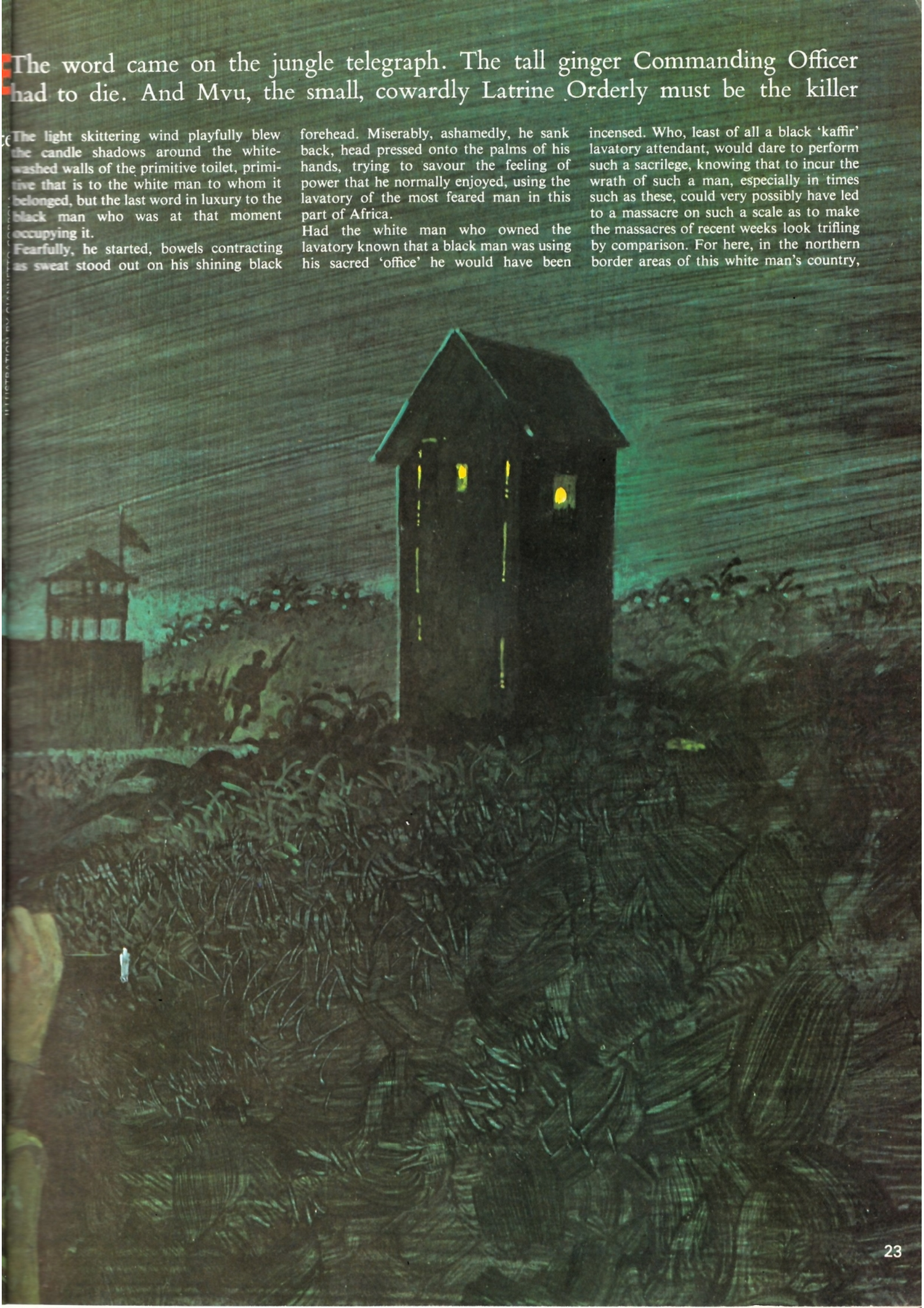
ILLUSTRATION BY GIANNETTO COPPOLA

The word came on the jungle telegraph. The tall ginger Commanding Officer had to die. And Mvu, the small, cowardly Latrine Orderly must be the killer

The light skittering wind playfully blew the candle shadows around the white-washed walls of the primitive toilet, primitive that is to the white man to whom it belonged, but the last word in luxury to the black man who was at that moment occupying it.

Fearfully, he started, bowels contracting as sweat stood out on his shining black forehead. Miserably, ashamedly, he sank back, head pressed onto the palms of his hands, trying to savour the feeling of power that he normally enjoyed, using the lavatory of the most feared man in this part of Africa.

Had the white man who owned the lavatory known that a black man was using his sacred 'office' he would have been incensed. Who, least of all a black 'kaffir' lavatory attendant, would dare to perform such a sacrilege, knowing that to incur the wrath of such a man, especially in times such as these, could very possibly have led to a massacre on such a scale as to make the massacres of recent weeks look trifling by comparison. For here, in the northern border areas of this white man's country,



the white man ruled with a rod of iron, and his gun was the law.

The lavatory where this black man now sat, shivering and sweating between bowel spasms was the lavatory of the Officer Commanding this area of operations. It was situated behind his prefabricated office in a dusty military encampment in the heart of the Central African bush. The reason that the camp was there was simple. Eight miles away, across the wide, swiftly flowing Zambesi river was a black-run country – Zambia. The country that the black man sat shivering in was white-run – Rhodesia.

For many years now, guerilla fighters, some trained in Cuba, Russia or China, most given a less thorough training in Zambia or Mozambique, had been trying to liberate their unfortunate cousins suffering under the white man's rule in Rhodesia. Their efforts had met with varying success, mostly in the laying of landmines to blow up the military vehicles of the hated white oppressors, and in the shooting up of isolated white-owned farmhouses. Admittedly, sometimes the landmines blew up African-owned and African-carrying buses, and sometimes the white army was lying in wait near the farmhouses, but these were only temporary setbacks, and the tide of black nationalism was sweeping inexorably towards its goal. This struggle for liberation, though, was always billed as glorious, and those who left Zambia to fight for freedom were always treated as heroes. If they come back they were sometimes treated with suspicion, but that was never reported.

Another spasm gripped the man, the thoughts of the happenings of the past months appearing to stand out in the coarse concrete floor by his feet. During that time guerilla incursions into the area had been stepped up, possibly because it was rumoured that some sort of peace conference was due to be worked out – excluding the guerilla leaders, for what potential leader of such a rich country wanted the responsibility of several thousand half-trained guerillas on his hands?

This stepping up of guerilla activity had brought with it a new Officer Commanding this sensitive sector. A tall, ginger man of fiery nature and speech whose method of dealing with guerillas was simple and ruthless. If he had information that there were guerillas in an area he simply went in with his troops and killed everything that moved. Men, women, children, even the goats and chickens. All huts were burnt, all crops destroyed. The method was simple and the message was clear – this ginger man was not going to tolerate any guerillas in his northern operational area.

Although any reports of such massacres were sardonically denied by the white rulers of the country, even denied by the Press, as being beyond the realms of possibility, the jungle telegraph reported it. That hidden, almost spiritual means whereby black people know at a moment's notice what has happened hundreds of miles away reported the massacres, distorted them, and worried the liberators.

What were they to do about this terrible man?

This man who had found such a devastatingly simple means of deterring the guerillas from their task of liberating the people. How could he be stopped?

The answer, transmitted in a whisper by the jungle telegraph was, in its turn, simple and direct:

'Kill him.'

'Kill this tall ginger man.'

'Kill the man who stops the liberation of our people.'

'Kill the man who kills our people.'

'Kill him.'

'Kill, kill, kill . . .'

Soon, everybody knew, 'The tall, ginger killer is to be killed.' Everybody, that is, except the white men, in particular the tall, ginger Commanding Officer.

The jungle telegraph has always been selective, it never works for civilised people, or at least, it never works for those who are civilised by virtue of white skins.

This, then, was the situation. Here was this terrified black man, in the middle of the army camp from where all the massacres originated, actually sitting, crapping on the lavatory of the most hated man in Africa. What made it worse, the jungle telegraph that very morning had whispered his name. 'Mvu,' it had whispered, for that was his name, an old childhood name that meant 'Hippo', for he was slow and

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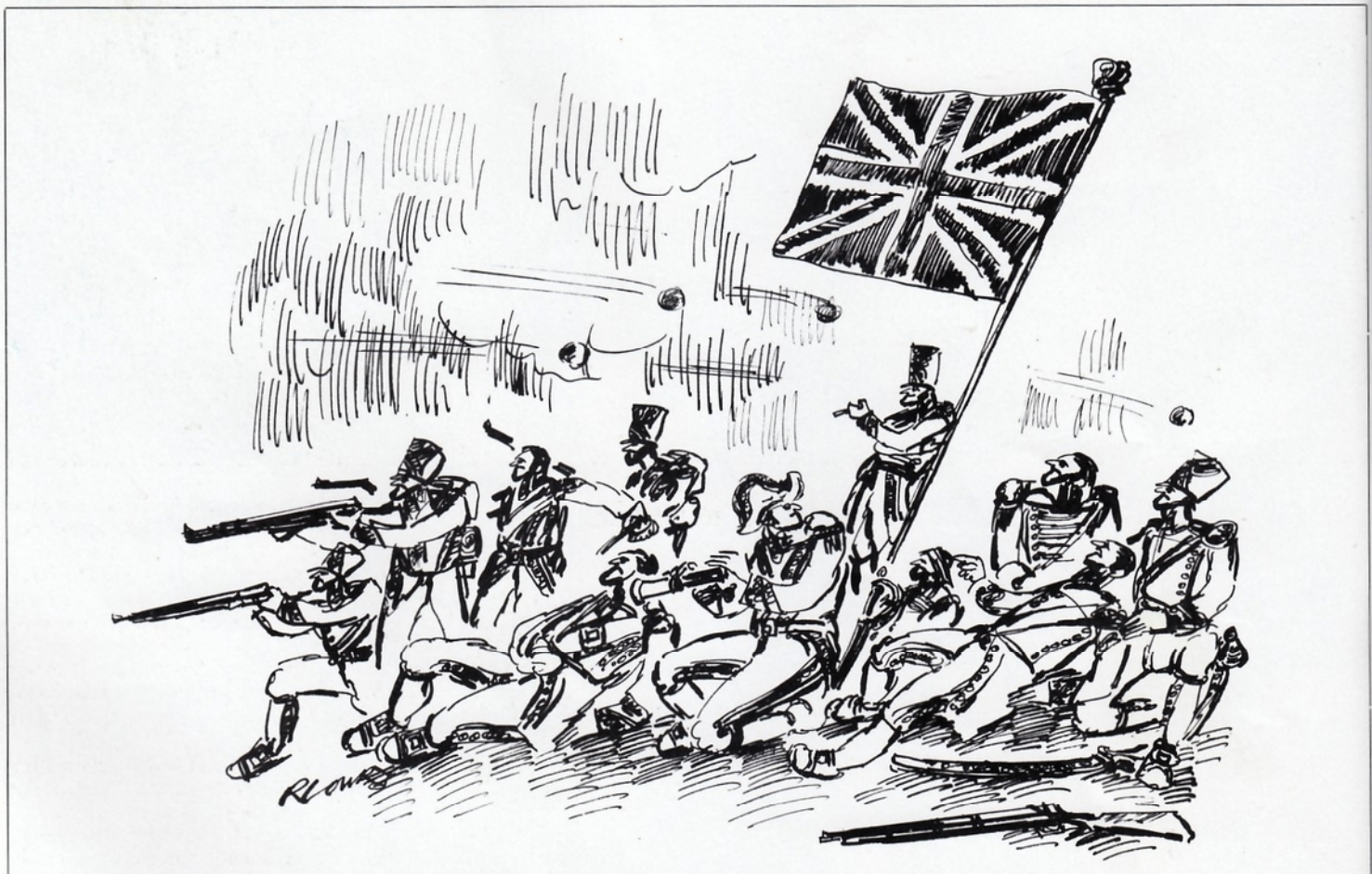
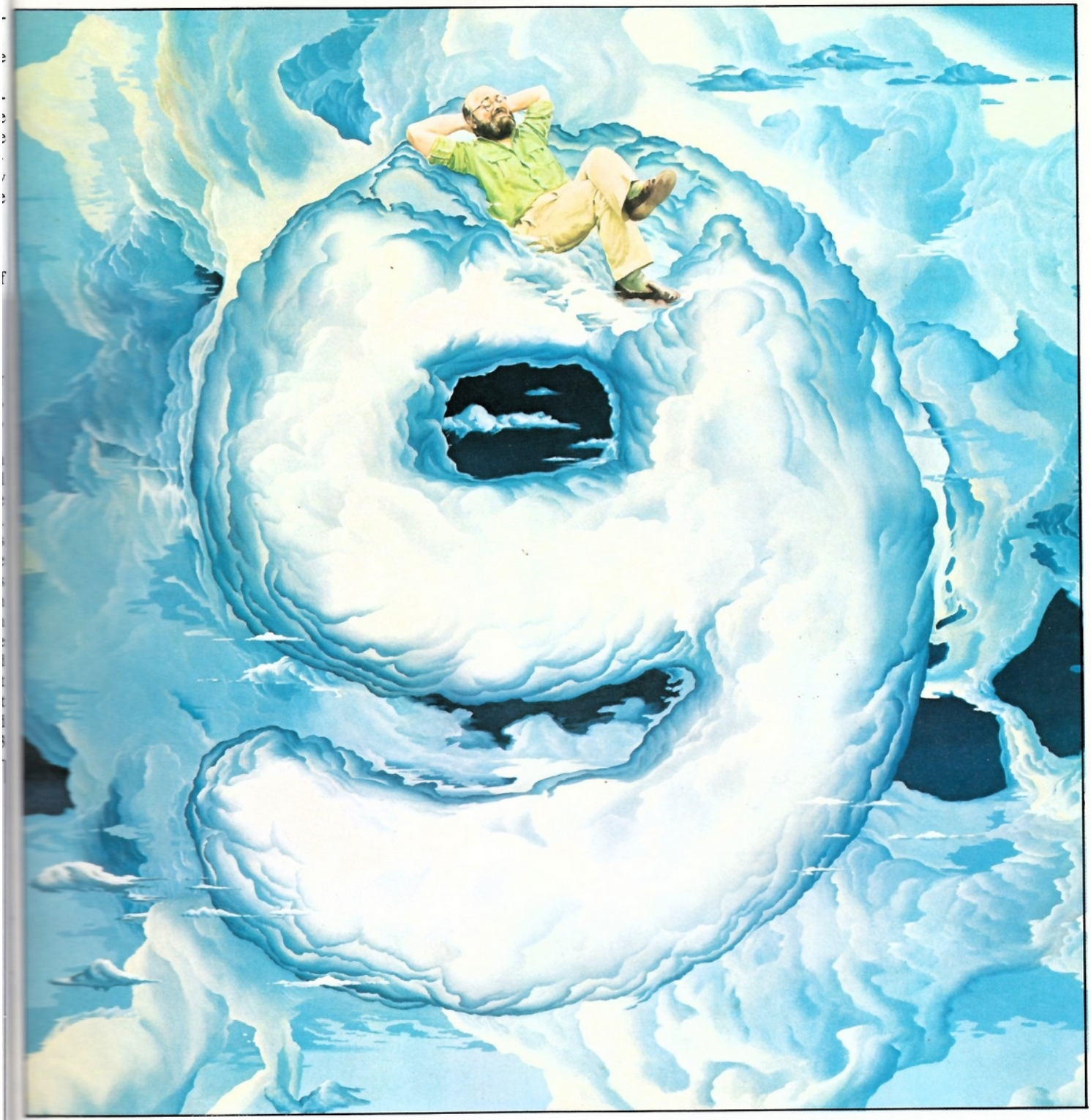


'. . . And you will have a word with young what's-his-name on the flag, won't you? He's lowering the tone of the whole engagement.'



IT'S ABOUT AS LIKELY AS A DUFF BOTTLE OF HIRONDELLE.

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Jacqueline

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY PETER FLODQUIST

Nervously the young patient squirmed in the oculist's chair. 'Now cover one eye and read from the top of the wall chart', said the oculist. Hesitantly the young man began, paused, fumbled, started again, his eye continually darting to the shapely form at his side. 'I'm sorry, Miss Crowther,' the oculist said at last, 'but unless you step outside I'm going to be issuing this young man with thick pebble glasses.' Jacqueline Crowther – whose spectacular 38–24–36 inch figure loses little

of its magnificence under the least flattering of surgical white coats tells the story well and with a great deal of infectious giggling. 'In fact the patient was barely 16 and obviously smitten the moment he saw me. But my boss – who thought it was a great joke – still insisted I keep out of the men patients' field of vision from then on. It was either that or make up a new wall chart of our own which would read something like, "Please do not stare at my assistant's bosom because it makes her feel shy!"' Born 22 years ago, Jacqueline lives and works in the heart of England's Border Country, an area she

relishes for a natural beauty almost as outstanding as her own. 'Actually I'm currently seeing more of it than I have for a long time,' she smiles. 'I've always been slightly myopic – short-sighted – and I've just had some contact lenses fitted. The difference to me is astonishing but getting used to them is agony. I look as if I'm crying all the time. But I'm really happy, honestly!'

Daniel Dunglas Home, the famous Victorian spiritualist, could gently flo to the ceiling unaided and, by mind power, raise furniture – and spirit Never caught cheating, he remains today as much an enigma as ever he w

D.D. HOME: THE INCREDIBLE FLYING SCOTSMAN

By Mike Gerrard

The poet Browning called him a 'dung-ball', and Dickens thought him a scoundrel, yet Sir Arthur Conan Doyle saw him as something of a demi-god, and scientists today are still arguing over the seemingly miraculous achievements of Daniel Dunglas Home. This 19th century medium could, according to the accounts of hundreds if not thousands of witnesses, levitate himself and others, elongate his body, make musical instruments play of their own accord, handle live coals, bathe his face in fire, move objects by the force of his mind, and produce spirit voices, spirit hands and, on occasion, whole spirit bodies.

Moreover, as he was never caught cheating, as most others claiming similar powers were at one time or another, it is hardly surprising that he is regarded by many people as the closest we have yet seen to a true medium, bridging our own with some other unknown world.

As with many people who show themselves to have rare gifts, his childhood was far from normal. He was born on March 20, 1833, in the village of Currie, just a few miles south-west of Edinburgh. Home (pronounced Hume) always claimed that his father was an illegitimate son of the tenth Earl of Home – something the family concerned never denied – but it is Daniel's mother who is the more interesting of his parents, as she came from a Highland family which had a long tradition of the gift of second sight.

This gift was apparently passed on to her son, for at the age of four or five Daniel was allegedly seeing events that took place in nearby villages. And before that, even while still a baby, it is said that his cradle was rocked by unseen hands: something that gives a rather more chilling meaning to the phrase 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world'.

He came from a large family, and went while quite young to live with his mother's sister, Mrs Cook, who was childless. His aunt and uncle were comfortably off, and they sailed to America when Daniel was nine, settling in Connecticut.

His powers were developing: at 13 he saw, at the foot of his bed, a vision of a friend of his named Edwin. This figure made three circles in the air with its hand, and disappeared. Daniel told his aunt and uncle about this, and thought it meant that his friend must have died three days previously. Needless to say, that proved to be the case, and the household had to try to get used to living with a rather unusual member of the family.

They also had to get used to self-raising furniture and inexplicable noises. One night Daniel felt three blows on his bed, as if it had been hit by a hammer, and when his aunt greeted this news with disbelief the following morning, it caused a string of banging noises to come from out of the kitchen table.

Mrs Cook was a very religious person and accused her nephew of bringing the devil into her home. The following year, when he was 18, he had to leave to make his own way in the world. It was a good time for spiritualists in America. Three years previously, in 1848, the Fox sisters had set the movement going by apparently producing spirit rappings wherever they appeared. Although these were later shown to be not so much spirit-rappings as knuckle-crackings, seances remained very fashionable, and very rewarding for the medium.

Home, though, would never accept money for his own seances – indeed, some years later he turned down an offer of 50,000 francs to perform one seance in Paris – but on the other hand, he was never slow to accept gifts and offers of accommodation. In years to come these gifts would include many diamonds, which Home collected like a magpie, and the accommodation would be at royal palaces, but as yet, travelling round America in the 1850's, he was used to more modest surrounds.

He stayed for some time as house guest of a Mr and Mrs Rufus Elmer, in Springfield, Massachusetts, and received a consta stream of visitors, obliging them with constant stream of seances and strange ha penings. He always explained that he h no control over what happened, and th seances were just as likely to prove fruitl as fruitful. Home's critics say this was easy way out for him, in case his tricks, they assumed them to be, didn't come o his believers, though, maintain that the supernormal powers or forces cannot controlled, and are only channelled throu a sensitive such as Home.

Among the more fruitful seances were t where the events were attested to by t observers, and which show two differe aspects of Home's abilities. The fi demonstrates his apparent influence o inanimate objects, and is signed by fo witnesses:

'The table was moved in every possi direction, and with great force, when could not perceive any cause of m tion . . . Mr Wells seated himself on t table, which was rocked for some time w great violence, and at length it poised self on two legs, and remained in th position for some thirty seconds, when other person was in contact with it. Thr persons, Messrs Wells, Bliss, and Edward assumed positions on the table at the sam time, and while thus seated, the table w moved in various directions.

'We may observe that Mr D D Home fr quently urged us to hold his hands and fe During these occurrences the room was w lighted, the lamp was frequently placed and under the table, and every possib opportunity was afforded us for the close inspection, and we admit this one empha declaration – *We know that we were n imposed upon nor deceived.*'

And the second example is less tangible, more dramatic. It was published by th Reverend S B Brittan, who was stayi with the Elmers for a few days:

'One evening Mr Home, Mr and Mrs Elm and I were engaged in general conversati

when suddenly, and most unexpectedly to us all, Mr Home was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when he said, "Hannah Brittan is here." I was surprised at the announcement; for I had not even thought of the person indicated for many days, or perhaps months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child . . . Mr Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish . . . he walked to and fro . . . wringing his hands and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression. He groaned . . . and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer . . . He gave utterance to expressions like the following: "Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep down – far, far down, I see the fiery flood. Save them from the pit! . . . I see no way out. There's no light! The clouds roll in upon me, the darkness deepens! My head is whirling! . . ."

'The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of Mr Home. No person in all that region new aught of the history of Hannah Brittan, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. She was . . . endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became insane from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment; and when I last saw her the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scene I have attempted to describe, was present in all its mournful details before me.'

Home went now to New York, where he was investigated by a team of scientists, including people involved in the comparatively new phenomenon of electricity, and Home obliged them by producing, as well as his mysterious tappings and mobile tables, 'phenomena of a distinctly electrical nature', as a report described them. These included the ability to light a gas jet merely by bringing his fingers towards it, and the production of phosphorescent lights that lit up walls, or travelled across the room like miniature shooting stars.

One popular explanation for some of Home's extraordinary feats is that he hypnotised the onlookers, and there is certainly some evidence to support this. A frequent happening at Home's seances was that an accordion would play without its being moved in any way. And it is noticeable that many of the listeners described the resulting music as 'spiritual', 'heavenly', or 'ethereal'. This may indicate that Home suggested to them that they would hear 'spiritual' music. In any case, as there can be no objective description of 'spiritual' music, with no-one able to know what it sounds like, this would indicate a predisposition on the part of the hearers that there was such a thing, and also that they knew what it would sound like when they heard it – hardly the most neutral of attitudes at a seance.

Another indication that it was 'all in the mind' was the way in which different people viewed the same occurrence: one person would report seeing an object move across a room, a second would see the moving object surrounded by some kind of misty cloud, while a third would see it carried by a fully materialised hand. This might imply that it was all in the mind of the observer, but how did it get there? Was it put there by the observer himself? Or by Home? Or by some other source? And was Home's first recorded levitation all in the minds of the people who reported it?

D D Home, pictured at the age of 35. About this time he was alleged to have floated through a third storey window.

It happened on August 8, 1852, when Home was house guest of his friend Ward Cheney, of the American silk manufacturing family. A seance was in progress when, instead of the unearthly lights that the group had been hoping to conjure up after Home's recent investigation in New York, the 19-year-old medium apparently began to rise into the air. 'I had hold of his hand at the time,' wrote one of the witnesses, a newspaper editor, Mr F L Burr, 'and I felt his feet – they were lifted a foot from the floor!' Home came down to earth, rose slightly a second time, came down again, 'and the third time,' wrote Mr Burr, 'he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hand and head came in gentle contact.'

Home himself recorded what he experienced during these elevating moments: 'I feel no hands supporting me and, since the first time, I have never felt fear; though, should I have fallen from the ceiling of some rooms in which I have been raised, I could not have escaped serious injury. I am generally lifted up perpendicularly; my arms frequently become rigid, and are drawn above my head, as if I were grasping the unseen power which slowly raises me from the floor.'

Home was far from being the first seemingly to defy the laws of gravity. Levitation is considered one of the ultimate stages that can be achieved in several religions; from Christ's walking on the water and his eventual Ascension to the flying monk of historical 'fact': St Joseph of Copertino, a 17th century Italian monk. And the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, when he visited Britain earlier this year, levitated many a jour list's eyebrows when he claimed that tra cendental meditation could lead eventu to supernormal powers such as levitatio It is not scientifically impossible; ev thing, including the human body, its own gravity. If Home could vary he could in theory equal if not reverse earth's greater pull.

For the next few years Home travelled ro North East America by more conventio means of transport. His health troubled greatly during this time – one lung become diseased, and he developed almost permanent cough – and he advised to move to a more favour climate. He chose England.

In London Home soon made the acqua ance of someone who was to become life-long friend, William Cox, who ow Cox's Hotel in Jermyn Street. This mediately became the scene of m seances, and Home became the darlin various society hostesses.

Reports of amazing happenings contin and, if there is one thing above all else t said in Home's favour, then it is the sh mass of evidence. But room must be fo for brief mention of two amusing sean one where the bangings and rappings w so loud that Home reminded the spirits there were people in the room above, at a seance at the home of a Mrs Gibs where Home caused the dinner table to at an angle of about 45 degrees. Unf tunately Mr Gibson was eating his din on it at the time, and he let his views spirits be known in no uncertain manne It was during this time that Home gai the friendship of Elizabeth Barrett Bro ing, and made a bitter enemy of Rob Browning. More than once Brown threatened Home, offering to punch and throw him out of their house.

In 1855 Home travelled to Florence guest of Mrs Trollope, mother of the writers, Anthony and T A Trollope. Florentine society, being predomina Catholic, was not as tolerant of seances London had been, and rumours quic grew of Black Masses, blasphemies necromancy. The winter of 1855 must h been a low-point in his life: the weather severe, his illness returned, an attempt made to kill him, Mrs Trollope threw out, and he was short of money. As if were not enough, a few months later Ho was told by the spirits that his pow would leave him for a period of one y from February 10, 1856, and this pro to be the case.

He still had a few friends, though. Polish Count Branicka and his mother invited Home to travel with them to Nap and then Rome, a violently anti-spiritua city, which may explain Home's s conversion to Catholicism.

In June he moved to Paris, where he had suffer through another cold winter bef the day when his powers were due to retu Home records that 'on the night of the 1 of February, 1857, as the clock str twelve, I was in bed, to which I had be confined, when there came loud rappi

turn to page

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D. D. Home

continued from page 54

in my room, a hand was placed gently upon my brow, and a voice said, "Be of good cheer, Daniel; you will soon be well".'

Three days later he was conducting a seance at the court of the Emperor, Napoleon III. Here the table began to vibrate and then rose from the floor; rappings were heard; the Empress Eugenie felt something tug at her dress, and Home told her to place her hand beneath the table, where it was taken by another hand which the Empress recognised as belonging to her dead father. The Emperor gripped the gloved hand, too, and confirmed what she said, distinguishing the hand by some unique defect on one of the fingers.

At a second seance at the Tuileries a few days later, a vapour apparently materialised above the table and formed itself into a child's hand. It travelled towards one of the guests, who held it until it faded away. And at a third seance, he managed to produce yet another hand, which picked up a pencil and, like a contestant on the old panel game *What's My Line?*, signed in: NAPOLEON. The Emperor declared that it was indeed Bonaparte's signature, the Empress begged leave to kiss the distinguished disembodied hand, and when she had done so it vanished.

Home was back with a vengeance, and the twists and turns of his extraordinary life continued. He was soon back in Rome, where he met a Russian Count, Gregoire Koucheleff-Besborodka and, more importantly for Home, the Count's 17-year-old sister-in-law Sacha. Within 12 days of their meeting they were engaged.

Home's delicate nature and sensitive manner led many people to believe that he was homosexual, or bisexual. This is often thought to be one of the causes of the almost obsessive hatred displayed towards him by such people as Browning and Dickens (who dismissed him as a rogue without ever attending one of his seances). But it appears more likely that Home was just a gentle-mannered person in an age when the sexual roles were clearly defined.

Whatever the truth of Home's sex life, it is a fact that just nine months after his wedding Sacha gave birth to their first son, called Gregoire, or Gregory, after his uncle. As might be expected it was not a normal birth: more akin to a Second Coming if the accounts are to be believed. A bird was heard singing near the baby, although none was present, and the mysterious lights returned to glow over t child's cradle during the night, an ee but inexpensive form of night-light.

Home was to spend the greater part of t next few years in England, and reports what took place at the hundreds of sean he gave are legion. A regular meeting pl was the home of Mrs Gibson in Hyde P Place, where the unfortunate Mr Gibs found it difficult to eat his meal in pea One seance here was attended by Co Alexis Tolstoy, of the famous Russ family, who recorded his experiences i letter to his wife:

> '. . . On the light being reduced, ev article of furniture in the room took moving of its own accord. A table pla itself on another table; a sofa moved i the middle of the room; a bell rose in t air and went all round the apartme ringing as it floated.
>
> Finally the remaining lights were put o and we sat almost in darkness; there w only the faint light that came throu the window from a gas-lamp outsi The piano played with no one near a bracelet unclasped itself from the a of Mrs Milner Gibson, and fell on t table, where it lay surrounded by luminous appearance. Home was rais from the ground; and I clasped his f while he floated in the air above o heads. . . . What would have, above a convinced me, were I a sceptic, are t hands I have felt, which were placed mine and melted when I tried to ret them. A cold wind passed round t circle very distinctly . . . after the sean Home's hands were burning hot, and t tears were in his eyes.'

These continued seances were a drain Home's precarious health, as seemin happens with people giving out some ki of psychic energy. But it wasn't o Home who suffered ill-health, so too Sacha. She had contracted tuberculos Home claimed to see a veiled spirit close her during seances, and he saw the spir veil slowly raised as her illness worsened. In 1862 they moved to the Dordogne France, but the change in climate h little effect for Mrs Home died there July. So much seems to have happened Home that it is difficult to remember th at this time he was still only 29 years o But his eventful life continued.

For one thing he published his first boo *Incidents in My Life*, in the Spring of 186 This purported to be an autobiography b for the most part was, not surprisingl ghost-written by a solicitor friend of Home William Wilkinson.

After abortive attempts at sculpting a then an acting career he met Mrs Lyon. She was a 75-year-old widow with mo than a shilling or two in the bank. Over t first few months of their acquaintan quite a few of those shillings found the way into Home's pocket: about £60,0 in fact. He changed his name to Hom Lyon, but soon suffered a nervous brea down as a result of this strange old lad attentions: she would be embarrassing affectionate towards him one minute, a

turn to page 1

'I wonder if I can have a word with you, Miss Jenkins?'

SPIRITS WILLING

'Nothing to worry about, m'dear, they're just psychic phenomena.'

Come Yuletide, says cartoonist Colin Leary, and it's time to draw ghosts and things that go hump in the night

'It's not only your hackles that are rising.'

'Now I know why you are called the headless rider.'

'Ooh, Sebastian, the knob is turning.'

'Edgar, I think I hear the strains of an organ being played . . .'

'Fortunately, Father Damien, I know the legend about your restless search for a priest's hole to squeeze into . . .'

'You must be the ghost of the Young Pretender.'

'Ah Mr. Marley, brought your own equipment I see.'

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Of all the girls to appear in our pages during 1976, these are the ones whom you have asked to see featured again - your favourite selection of fabulous *Mayfair* birds
TOP 20

Blonde Lesley Chisholm (previous page), our centregirl exactly one year ago, went straight to the top of your popularity chart and was closely followed by Rachel Broome (top left), another bewitching blonde who came our way via an appearance in the TV series *The Sweeney*. Henley Royal Regatta was never quite the same again after Sue Lin (left) had turned her attentions to the cox of an American eight, while Bobbie Platt-Higgins (above), an ex-WRAC lieutenant, shed her uniform and caused the nation's men to spring smartly to attention. Eleanor Chisholm (right) is no relation to Lesley, but pretty outstanding in her own right.

Blonde Samantha Thompson, a Nottingham lass with a bountiful 37–24–36 figure (top left), moved a Winchester reader to heights of gastronomic fancy. 'I could sink my teeth into her bottom,' he commented. Nipple lovers were amply catered for by the appearance of Georgina Henry (far left). 'What a place to hang your hat,' sighed a Cardiff man. Stephanie Durant (left) sailed onto our pages from her native Thorpe Bay in Essex. Stephanie, a yachting buff, admitted to being attracted to the strong, silent type of man, but faced with her 35–24–35, it would take more than a strong type to remain silent for very long. Hands up all those who think that Swedish girls are strapping blonde wenches. Wrong again. Sweet-faced Nana Berg (above) presented the other side of the Northlands. Nana claims to owe her softly-rounded 34–23–34 to her favourite hobby of cross-country skiing. She can slalom with us any time at all.

Making a welcome return visit to our pages came lovely Olivia Paddon (right), who has now moved her 36–23–35 into the very top international model bracket – quite a far cry from her secretarial days in Manchester. From time immemorial, people have wondered what Scots wear underneath their kilts. Aberdeen's Christine MacKinnon (below) showed that underneath her dress it was a case of 'Och aye the nude!' Shooting to success came Lynn Davidson (far left), a former human cannonball, would you believe, whose figure of 38C–25–37 you felt merited at least a 21-gun salute fired in her honour.

Michelle Aberg (top left) brought black stockings and fond memories to you. 'Good enough to eat,' averred a fan and he didn't mean the fruit by Michelle's bed. Showing a nice line in pert *derrières*, Lesley Brook (appropriately enough, bottom left) swam into your affections by declaring that swimming was 'the sexiest thing out', while lovers of the wistful, wood-nymph look were much taken with Lyn Chambers' 36–24–36. 'She can come and play in my garden any time,' offered a randy Rochester reader.

Providing the best of East and West, Anglo-Indian Joyce Patterson's opulently rounded 40–24–38 found favour with you all. Joyce (left) works as a freelance public relations consultant, a fact which prompted a sackful of funny letters about having relations in public. The most original, but alas unrepeatable, suggestion came from a Glasgow reader – but then the Scots always were inventive. Most unusual name of the year? It must be Parks. Anthea Parks-Evans (below left), an athletic 36–23–36 keen on mountain-walking, rock-climbing and 'Kissing,' breaks in Parks, 'it exercises your lip muscles.' Gentlemen, we must all get to the bottom of this. In a spirit of Yuletide glee last year, 38C–24–36 Francesca Abbott adorned our pages. We spotted her in a West End boutique selling a pair of Union Jack briefs to a gentleman of Middle Eastern appearance. 'I think he might have been trying to buy me,' giggles Francesca (below), 'unless he thought the briefs cost £10,000. I'm worth far more than that, aren't I?' Your answers please, on a postcard. 'Actually,' continues Francesca, 'I'm always getting recognised since I appeared in the magazine, especially in my jaunts around wine bars – you remember I told you about those and how big a fan I am of them.' We certainly do remember, Francesca, and it must account for the fact that a group of London readers organised a (successful) military-type search to find you.

Alluring Alana Ford (left) had a great many readers down St Leonard's way in Sussex feeling decidedly fruity after her magazine appearance. Why? Let Alana tell the story. 'I was doing a promotion for apples and pears,' she says, 'going round people's houses and giving out samples. It was quite funny actually. One chap I gave an apple to stood there thoughtfully munching and saying "I know you from somewhere," and I could see over his shoulder that on a table was a copy of the issue in which I appeared!'

Do we hear the faint echo of a head beating against a wall? There's only one word with which to describe the statuesque appeal of Veronica Diemen, and that word is 'sensational.' A figure of 40–23–38 standing 5 feet 8 inches this Guyanan superbird (right) typifies all that is best about *Mayfair*'s marvellous maids.

Some of the Society dinner parties I have attended in my capacity a Unattached Male were fun and some catastrophic . . . And at one, a devastating French lady pulled up her skirt and said 'Now I feel like some fokkink

Seven-thirty for Eight: Black Tie

By Count Zichy

'Daaarling!' the pathetic little voice trembles on the verge of tears at the other end of the telephone at 6.30 on a Friday evening, 'I *know* this is unforgivable and you'll *hate* me for it . . . but do you just *happen* to be free tonight? One of my men has cancelled at the last minute and we'll be thirteen at dinner unless you . . . You will! Oh, darling, thank you, thank you! Oh, you're *wonderful*! Seven thirty for eight? Black tie? Oh, bless you . . . You shall have a reward – I promise! What would you like? A kilo of Beluga from Fortnum's – or me for a couple of hours on – let me look at my diary – three o'clock on next Tuesday the twenty-seventh? No, I've got my hairdresser then . . . Say, Thursday the twenty-ninth at four?'

The dialogue recorded above is a fair specimen of the kind of telephone SOS I and other Unattached Males receive while residing in splendid bachelordom in the village of Mayfair, London, England, or its equivalent almost any damn place anywhere. The qualifications for being on the receiving end of such calls are elementary: the male should be female-wise unencumbered, between twenty and eighty, own a dinner jacket, know how to handle a knife and fork, and be able to walk on his hind legs during the early part of the evening. The qualification for being on the despatching end is even simpler: the sender is A Society Hostess.

A Society Hostess is a wealthy female masochist who, in bygone days, might have danced naked on the moors at midnight, happily flagellating herself and considered to be some kind of saint. For the same activity today she would be considered some kind of nut and her relatives would quickly have her certified in order to get their hands on her money. So that method of self-inflicted torture is not on. Instead, the frustrated flagellant becomes a Society Hostess and thereby fulfils her craving to live in constant, delectable, mental agony. Admittedly she has swopped the scourge for her tools of trade; her diary, address book, guest list and menu of the day, but these she uses to lash herself mercilessly, correcting, improving, altering and amending. When not actually feeding people, she pores over *Debrett*'s and *Who*'s *Who*, racking her brain for whom she can feed next, competing for VIPs, ordering, cancelling – and pleading and bribing as in the above instance – not just occasionally, but for 365 hard-slogging, nerve-racking days a year, holidays included, fercrissake.

Having sweated her guts out organising a splendid meal at astronomical cost for two dozen people who don't want it because at least half are on some kind of diet, some last minute disaster invariably occurs. The chef becomes hysterical, the butler goes down with mumps, the Daughter of the House gets the clap, the Senior Woman has a miscarriage and the Guest of Honour is arrested for embezzlement. These events are liable to cause the kind of torment described in Dante's *Inferno* – when the seating has to be re-arranged as the first guests are ringing the doorbell. It is on such occasions that the hostess will resort to offers of bribery and self-prostitution to such Unattached Males as she has in her Little Red Book (to be used in emergencies only).

Nonetheless, as with all people slightly around the bend, there is also a certain cunning in our Society Hostess. The Unattached Male at whose feet she metaphorically flings herself during her desperate appeal for help, is usually a current, prospective or ex-boyfriend who, like Eros, is a Cupid sort of stunt. He is a tolerant, long-suffering, gentle creature who needs his head examined; in fact, he is a rather advanced form of amoeba. When offering him the choice of a kilo of Beluga or herself for a couple of hours on Thursday the twenty-ninth at four, she knows exact what she is doing, the crafty bitch. B cause, for the sort of weak-willed twit wh qualifies as an 'unattached male' (I kno because I was one) it is almost impossib to say: 'I'd like the caviar, thank you.' tried it once and almost immediate rumours began circulating in my particul gang that I was a raving queer. Which wouldn't have minded if I had been, but wasn't. So the hapless victim is forced t say: 'You, of course' and the stingy co has saved herself a pony.

But who am I to criticise? It takes all sor to make a world and if any female desir to worry herself grey and acquire ulce and prematurely move on to the happ hosting ground, where chefs have wing butlers wear haloes, guests of honour acce invitations without trying to find excuse and no guest *ever* cancels at the la minute, well, the best of luck to them.

I think it was de la Rochefoucauld wh said, 'There is in the adversity of our be friends something which is not altogeth displeasing to us.' How true! *Nothing* giv me more pleasure than two of my olde chums bitching each other, or sor adorable *faux pas* made at a particular pompous dinnertable. Like the dum blonde who, on being briefed by th hostess that her table neighbour was th ambassador of an emergent nation an she should address him as 'Your Exce lency', to everyone's delight started callin him 'Your Emergency'. Or the other dum blonde seated beside the world famo conductor and instead of talking about se (which was what she had been invited fo and determined to flaunt her musica education, hit upon the following gamb with the whole table listening in: 'Yo know, Maestro, my favourite number one of you conducting the Philadelph orchestra, you know, the one by Debus called, er . . . Apres de la Midifaun.'

Some of the meals I have attended in m

capacity as unattached male were fun and some catastrophic. Of course, some were hilarious. Much depended on the Head Reconteur of the evening. One of my favourites was the late eminent Queen's Counsel, K R Richards, who had a booming voice, a Shakespearian delivery and a rapier-like wit. Of the many stories I enjoyed hearing him tell, I think my favourite was about a law suit in which he was defending a couple, brother and sister, Edward Jeremy Ball and Christina Felicity Ball, before a High Court judge with whom he was in a constant state of belligerency.

'On the first day,' Richards recalled, 'the judge peered down at me over his spectacles and enquired: "And who are you representing in this case, Mr Richards?" 'This,' went on Richards, 'was the day I had been praying for and the reason, partly anyway, why I had accepted the defence – there was no money in it. I was at last in a position to look that old bastard firmly in the eye and reply so the whole Court could hear: "Balls, my lord!" And the judge peered at me again and asked: "Both of them, Mr Richards?" And I answered: Yes, m'lud. In this case the Balls hang together – as your Lordship may possibly recall.'

It was Richards who, in the course of a heated argument which looked like getting out of hand, won the last word by telling his opponent: 'I don't agree with a word you say, but I will defend unto death your right to (slight pause) get stuffed.' The table fell about and ended what could have become an awkward situation. Even Voltaire might have grinned.

At dinner a rather pompous individual whom I didn't know from Adam, was holding the table by dint of his seniority (meaning nobody dared to interrupt him), namedropping like rotten and every sentence started with this kind of opening: 'Ey was lunching in the Lords with God the other day . . .' It became so bad that my attractive neighbour got a fit of giggles and had to splutter into her napkin to conceal it. So I thought hard and the first opportunity to get in a word edgeways, I leaped into the breach with: 'When Ey was playing strip poker with the Recorder of — . . .' There was no particular point to the story and I had resolved to make up the plot as I went along and pray for an inspired punchline. But it *was* true that I had once played a very drunken game of strip poker with the Recorder who was a friend of mine and I felt that the juxtaposition of ideas presented a startling opening and a fair impersonation of the bloody old bore opposite.

My gambit worked because the table shifted its attention to me and I was about to embark on my tale when the old bugger turned puce coloured and banging his fist on the table, bellowed at me: 'I protest! That is the most outrageous slander! Do you know, sir, that I *am* the Recorder of — and I have never played strip poker with you or anyone else in my life!' He was absolutely right of course. My Recorder had been a predecessor of his, a much younger man, and I had to stammer my way out of that one. I didn't utter a sound for the rest of the evening.

Alcohol allegedly sharpens the wit, which is why I desperately gulp down at least six double dry martinis prior to a marathon eat-in when, out of consideration to one's hosts, one at least makes a pathetic attempt to 'sparkle'. But a surfeit of ninety per cent of the damn stuff may cause profound density, as I found at a dinner at which my neighbour was an attractive, sad-faced woman who seemed to be carrying the woes of the world on her shoulders. I did my best to cheer her up and, after a while of replying in monosyllables, she loosened up sufficiently to tell me that her only son had decided to marry.

I made some encouraging noises about young love. However she was not really listening and murmured deep in thought: 'Her mother is a whore . . .'

One of my eyebrows shot up fractionally but since I pride myself at never being surprised at anything, I made more soothing noises about how it takes all sorts to make a world and some whores were very nice girls at heart and make excellent wives.

My neighbour glanced at me sharply. 'She's an *Irish* whore', she informed me with some authority.

'But how nice,' I gurgled amiably. At last I was on home ground. I could talk for hours about Irish whores. 'I absolutely adore Irish whores. In fact some of my best friends are Irish whores . . .'

'Oh, yes?' said my neighbour suddenly interested. 'Which ones? The Cork or Donegal Hoares?'

And the penny dropped into a small puddle of stagnant gin.

☆ ☆ ☆

The dinner and wines had been magnificent, the chef had excelled. The hostess had been charming and the host attentive. And yet the event was not an unqualified success due mainly to the presence of the guest of honour and his lady, seated respectively at the right hand of the host and hostess, being very high-powered, awe-inspiring establishment characters – and as stuffy as hell. We, the lesser mortals, had been warned that the going might be heavy and asked to cooperate, be on our best behaviour, not to rock the boat and all that. Consequently, we were all self-conscious and awkward and try as we might, the conversation would not get going; what there was, was interspersed with embarrassing pauses.

All of us that is, except a devastatingly attractive French lady who, totally unimpressed by the exalted presence of His and Her Nibses, chattered away merrily in a delightful French accent and her section of the table, at least, were being splendidly entertained. The lady's neighbours cast surreptitious glances at the hostess to observe how she was taking it and from the frozen smile on her lips it was fairly obvious that Madame's exuberance and frequent draining of her glass was not going down too well.

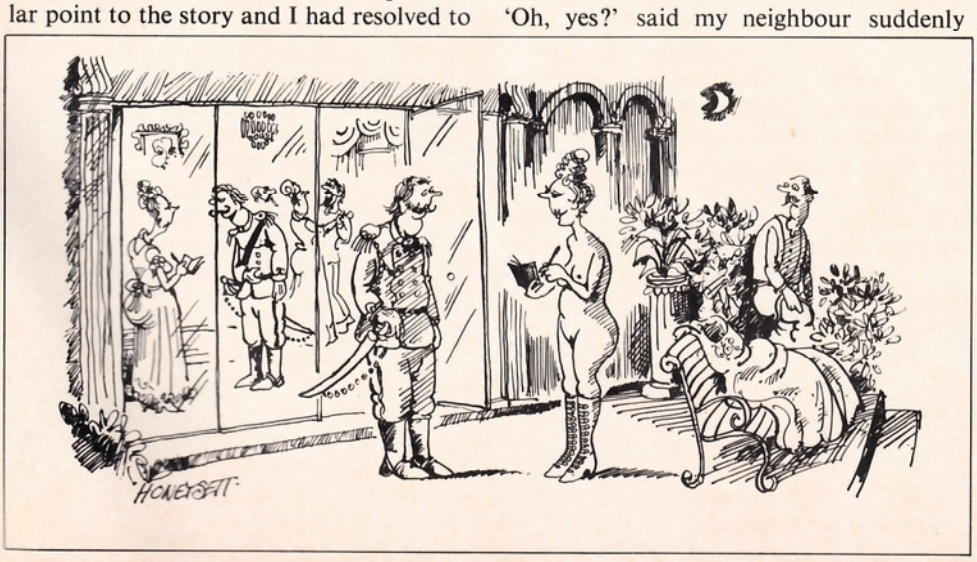
Madame had been an unscheduled addition to the event, necessitating that society hostess' nightmare, a total last minute re-shuffle of the table (which accounted for my presence). Madame had entertained the host and hostess lavishly and at length in her sumptuous chateau in the South of France and having flown in en route for New York for just one night at Claridge's simply *had* to be invited. Very obviously the hostess was by now regretting her generous impulse and trying desperately to catch Madame's eye with an imploring message to cool it.

However, secure in the knowledge of her social and financial impregnability Madame, for some reason feeling bitchy wasn't wearing it. At the coffee, brandy port or liqueur stage, the butler and the footmen standing backs to the wall of the impressive dining room, kept a sharp lookout for necessary replenishment. Madame, fully and joyously conscious of the havoc she was causing to the hostess's nerves – and not giving a damn – finally allowed the hostess to catch her eye and smiled as innocently as a kitten, taking in the guest of honour at the same time.

'That was really a most excellent dinnair, my chère – please compliment the chef for me as a perhaps – a compatriotess of his – yes? Ah, I thought so. Ah, there is nothing like a good dinnair to give one those ideas – you know, oh-la-la . . . don't you agree, Excellency?

With that she tilted back her chair, which the butler rushed to hold for her, placed her immaculately shod and extremely

turn to page 6



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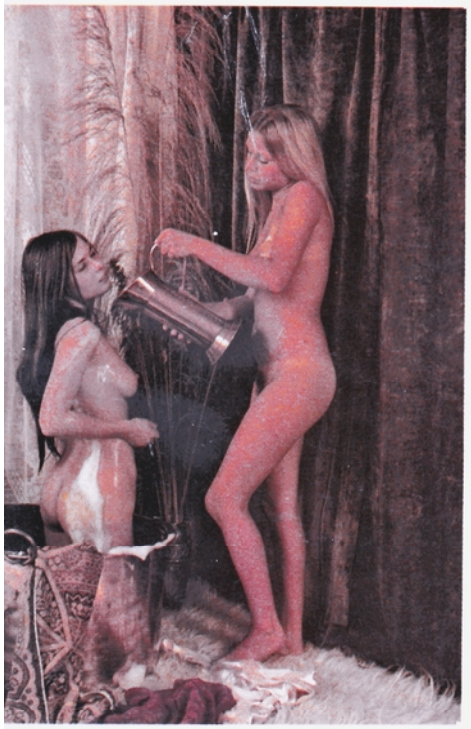
Lone & Annette

Human nature being what it is, when you find yourself alone in a foreign country and don't speak the language all that well, you'll gravitate towards the company of those of your own countrymen, (or women), that can be found. Such is the case with 20-year-old Lone Christensen and 22-year-old Annette Vidgeded. Both hail from Sweden; both found themselves *au pairing* in Leeds and although, to quote blonde Lone, they both spoke English 'with reasonability', both longed for the chance of a good old-fashioned chat in their native tongue. Happily, a chance

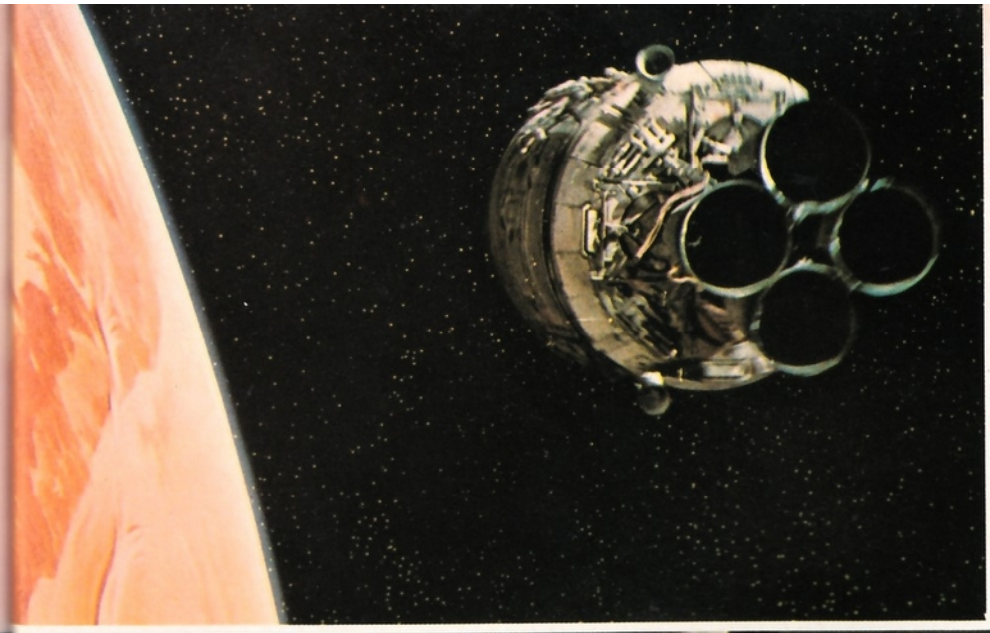
meeting when Lone's laundry-laden 34–23–34 collided head-on with Annette's 35–24–35 en route to the supermarket solved the problem. 'I pardon your begging,' said Annette scrambling to her feet. 'Me in addition', gasped Lone. 'Hang on,' they both cried (in Swedish that is). 'You're not English, are you . . . ?' Thus curious passers-by in a Leeds street were treated to a tearful Nordic re-union. 'Now all is good,' smiles Annette. 'We have much friendly talk.' 'Yes,' agrees Lone, 'we spend our off-days together.' 'Days off,' corrects Annette. Both giggle and chirrup away in Swedish. Translators to the fore!



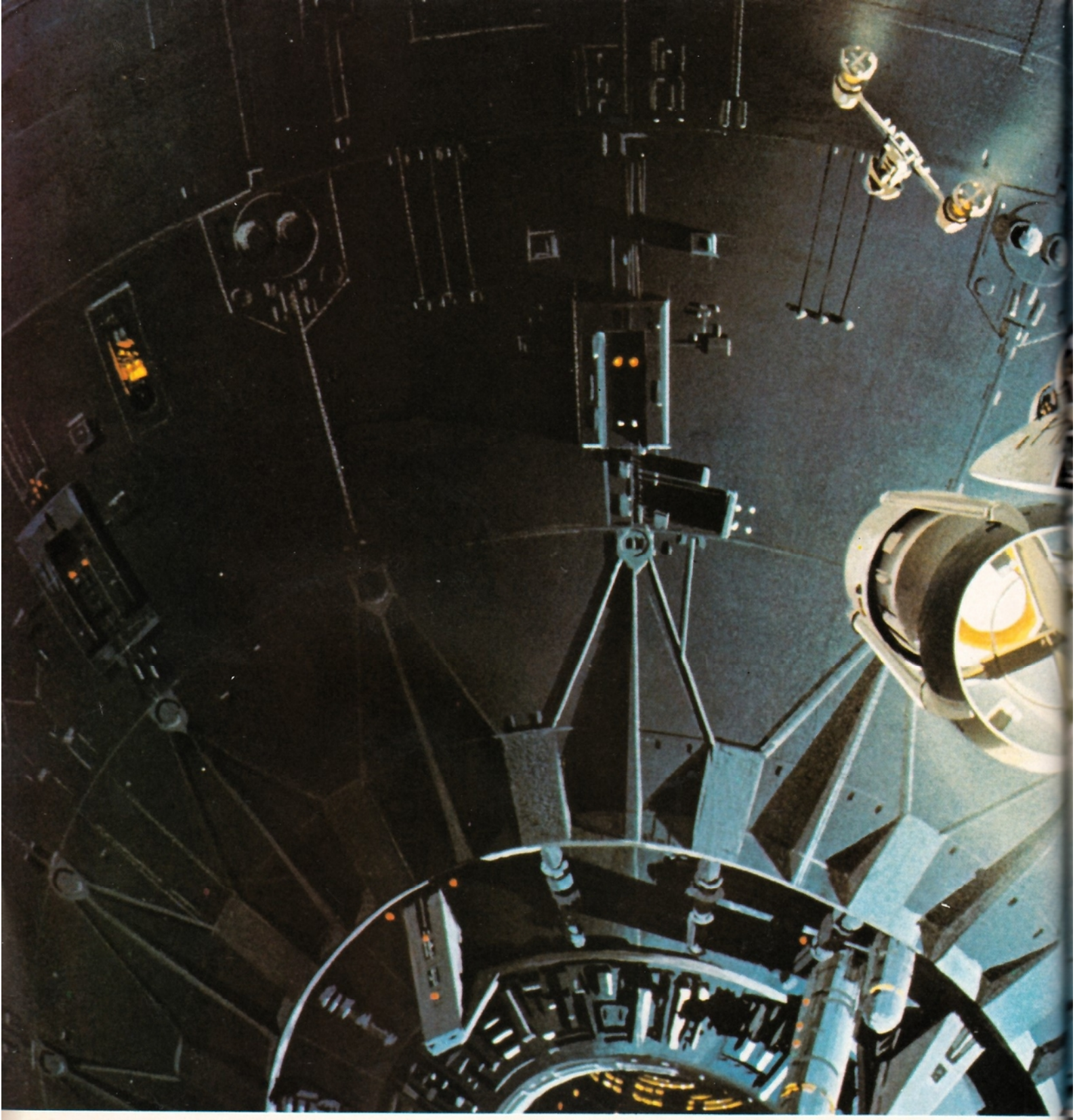
THE STAGING OF STAR WARS

These exclusive pre-production paintings show the launching of science fiction epic *Star Wars*, the most successful film ever made. Gerald Cole tours through space

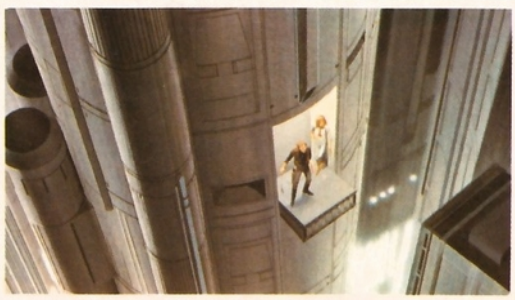
The cinema screen is packed with stars. Spanning its bottom edge the curve of a red planet shimmers with all the crispness of an *Apollo* view of earth. Abruptly a small, white spacecraft tumbles weightlessly from the top of the screen, pursued by hissing bolts of laser fire. Behind it, moving with apparent sloth, nudges the pyramidal prow of the aggressor, widening as it comes until the cinema shakes with the roar of its engines and the screen is filled with the stunning intricacy of its underside: port holes, hatches, antennae, gun ports – detail so rich and convincing that one is tempted to suspect NASA have been building deep-space battle cruisers out of left-overs from the Moon programme. Certainly it was impressive enough to bring a spontaneous burst of applause from movie-hardened critics at its first British press showing earlier this year – an accolade astonishing enough for a film in itself, let alone an opening shot. *Star Wars* – the most ambitious and enthralling sci-fi epic since *2001* – were well and truly declared. Set 'a long time ago in a galaxy far far away' as its opening credit announces, the plot

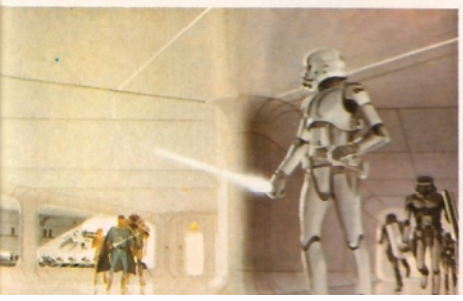


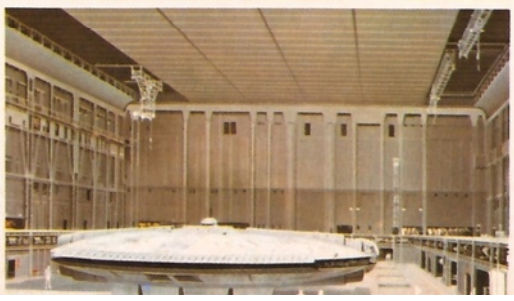
Main picture: artist Ralph McQuarrie's impression of the planet Tatooine. The giant vehicle is a mobile storehouse used by the planet's inhabitants, the hooded, dwarfish Sandpeople to collect outworn robots for re-sale. The film's robot heroes C3P0 and R2-D2 are pictured at the far left. Left: a still. The robots' space 'lifeboat' approaches Tatooine. McQuarrie also painted the planet from space.



is unabashed storybook. In a crumbling galactic empire a tough-minded princess challenges a powerful and vicious tyrant with only two personable robots, a space pirate, an ageing telepathic knight and a naive young hero to help. Earth is never mentioned while, needless to say, good triumphs with seconds to spare. Despite the presence of top class British actors Alec Guinness (as the Jedi knight Ben Kenobi) and Peter Cushing (as the evil Grand Moff Tarkin), best lines go to the robots: the humanoid C3PO – 'I am programmed for protocol' – and his diminutive colleague R2-D2, who resembles a dustbin on three legs. 'We seem to be made to suffer; it's our lot in life,' sighs C3PO (Anthony Daniels) at one sticky point with all the fatalism of a downtrodden family retainer. It is the brilliantly realised background to the film – from a futuristic version of chess in which the pieces strut about the board under their own power to a seedy frontier 'bar' whose weird and wonderful clients leave *Dr Who* standing – that puts *Star Wars* into a class of its own. 'What is required for true credibility is a used future,' declares director George Lucas. 'The *Apollo* missions were instructive in that regard. By the time the astronauts returned you had the impression the capsules were littered with candy wrappers, no more exotic than the family station wagon.' Lucas put *Star Wars* on the launching pad by taking his original screenplay to artist Ralph McQuarrie who worked out the 'look' of the film in a series of meticulously detailed paintings shown here; in all but a few cases, chiefly concerned with details of costume, they were reproduced on film. While McQuarrie began work on precise, filmable paintings of planet surfaces like that seen in the opening shot, Lucas toured America and the Middle East for suitably 'unearthly' locations to match the artist's vision. After two and a half weeks' filming in the Tunisian desert – makeshift for the desert planet of Tatooine, home world of the film's young hero – he retired to Elstree studios, Boreham Wood to film the interior sequences. Britain – apart from providing acting talent – can take much of the credit for the film's technical



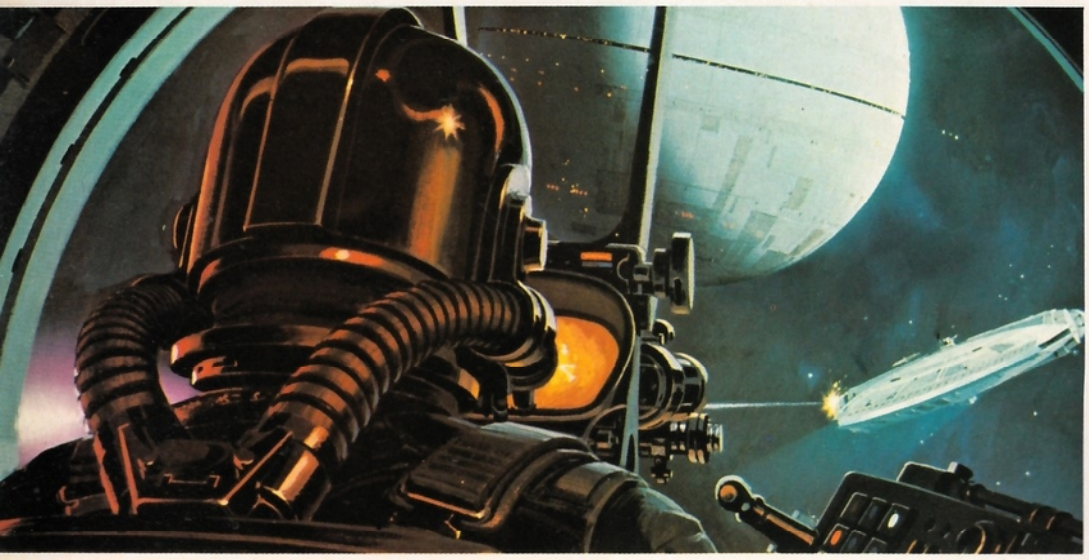




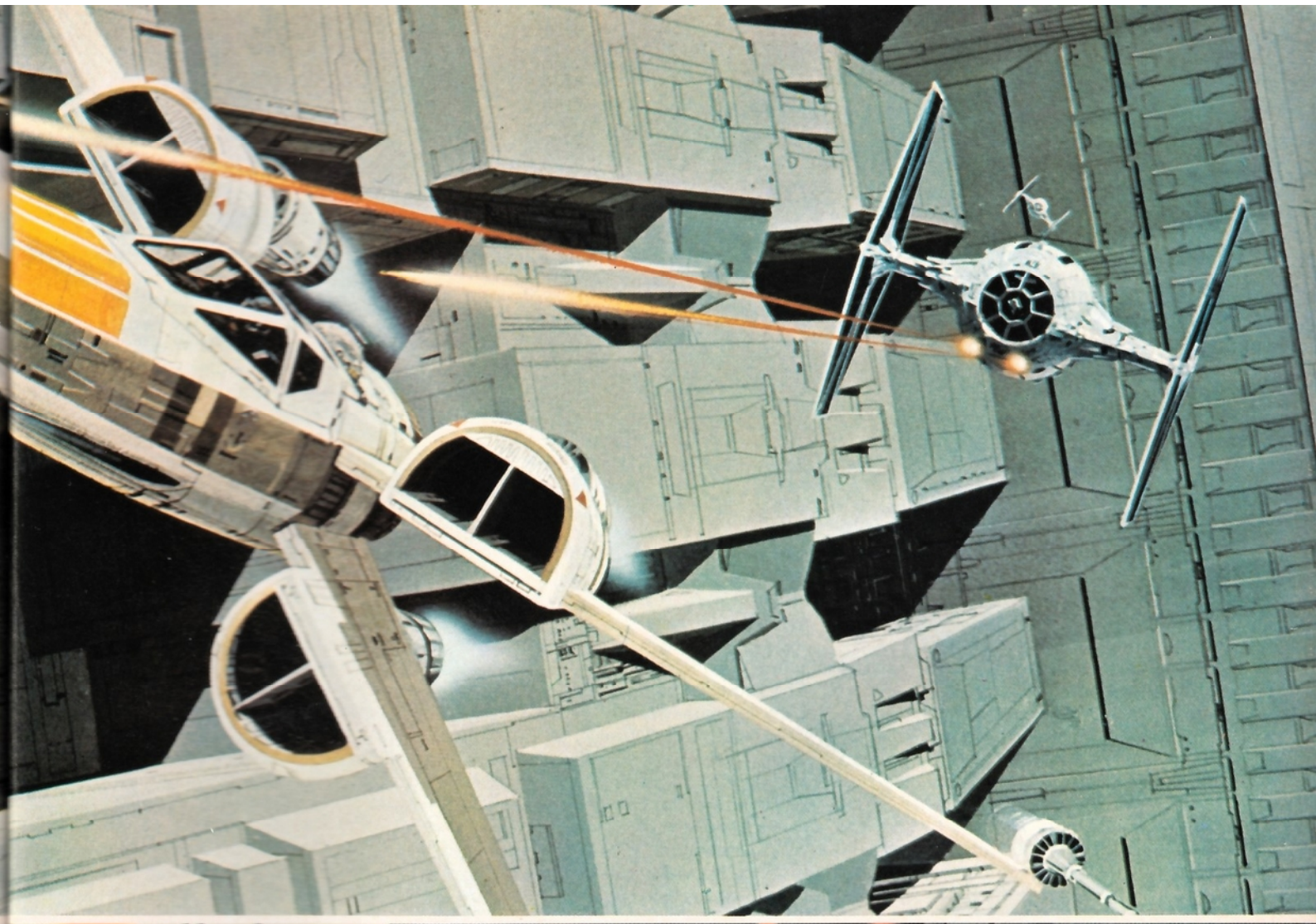
Main picture: Imperial space fighters approach Death Star, a vast, moon-sized spaceship which is capable of destroying whole planets. It is in the control of Grand Moff Tarkin (Peter Cushing) who plans to use it to crush all resistance and take over the Galactic Empire. Left: inside Death Star. Far left, bottom: an Imperial trooper demonstrates a 'light sabre' – a futuristic sword with a laser for its blade.

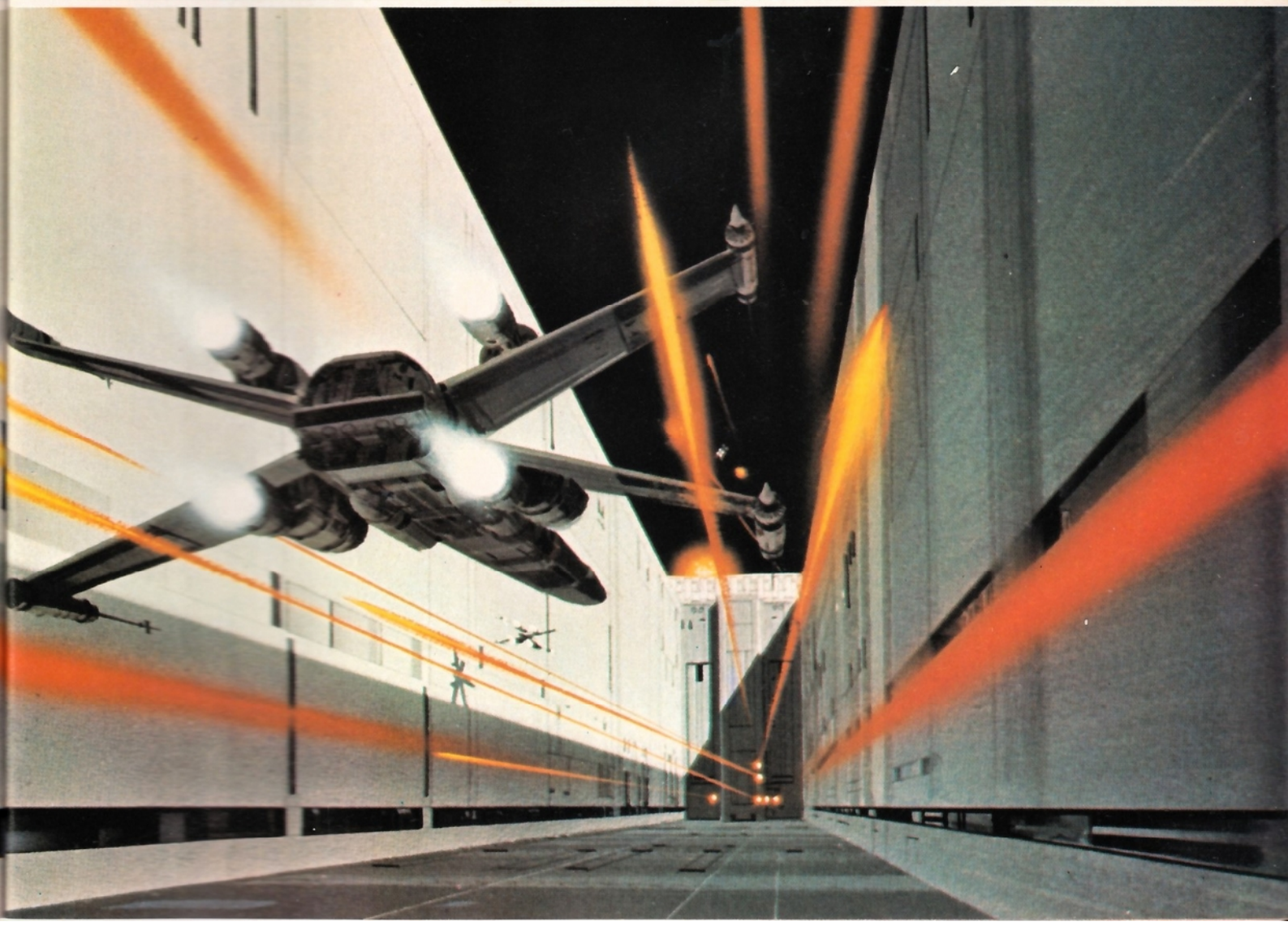
brilliance. Artificial limb specialists at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, and experts at St. Mary's College, London University gave British-born mechanical effects supervisor John Stears detailed information on pneumatics and electronics to enable him to build all the *Star Wars* robots. A veteran of *Thunderball*, whose special effects earned him an Academy Award, Stears went on to design and build an 'anti-gravity' vehicle and the 'light sabre' – a futuristic form of sword employing a fine laser beam in place of a blade – both of which feature largely in the completed film. Other British special effects technicians – some of whom worked on the trail-blazing *2001: A Space Odyssey* – were responsible for creating numerous aliens and an appropriately 'used' look to the locations, and earned unstinting praise from Lucas, especially for spur-of-the-moment improvisation. 'We're using every trick in the field of special effects,' he says. 'I wanted to make the kind of movie I won't be able to make in ten or 15 years time. These special effects people are a dying breed. In the future there won't be anybody who can copy them.' Perhaps with the phenomenal success of *Star Wars* their future will be as solidly realised as the one they helped create for the film.

Star Wars, which has already grossed over £80 million in the USA, opens on December 27 at London's Leicester Square Theatre and Dominion cinemas, and early in the New Year in the provinces.



This page, top: space fighters are fuelled and armed at the rebel forces' secret base. Immediately above: Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith (played by British actor David Prowse) at the controls of his fighter as he defends Death Star from a rebel attack. Endowed with wide-ranging extrasensory powers, he is Grand Moff Tarkin's foremost and most ruthless henchman. Right, top and bottom: split-winged rebel spacecraft streak across the furrowed surface of Death Star hotly pursued by Imperial fighters. The gigantic spaceship is vulnerable at only one point on its surface: a tiny ventilation duct which leads to its reactor core. Of Star Wars *director George Lucas says, 'I made it because no one else is making movies like this and I wanted to see one.'*





Seven-thirty for Eight: Black Tie

continued from page 54

pretty feet on the table amid the solid silver dinner service, and pulled up the skirt of her evening dress, revealing a pair of exquisite long limbs in dark stockings with the suspender showing at the far end.

'Aah,' she sighed, happily rubbing her pussy through the minuscule, transparent briefs, 'this is more comfortable. I have eaten far too much!'

The hostess made a choking sound and having turned first ashen then puce, undisguised even through her full evening warpaint, eventually managed to get herself sufficiently under control to omit a strangled giggle as if the whole affair were a huge joke.

'Really, my dear,' she said between gritted teeth, 'can't you just for *once* in your life behave like a lady?!'

Madame's silvery laughter echoed from the stately Adam walls.

'But of course I can, dahllink,' she giggled in the ensuing expectant silence, 'but if I do, I don't get any fokkink . . . And tonight I feel like some – yes?'

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Another dinner which had not been an unqualified success. It was a 'returning hospitality' event, meaning that the host and hostess had assembled all the boring people they had been invited by over the past six months, resolved to get the unsavoury function over in one fell swoop. The Senior Woman at the host's right had driven him half insane with her idiotic natter, his left hand neighbour was hideous and badly dressed and by the time coffee was served he was bored, irritable, tired and in a filthy temper.

The butler and footman had gone around the table with their 'Port, brandy, or liqueurs, sir/madam/m'lady?'/double act and when they arrived at the host's chair, the butler reverently poured him a glass of port and stood back awaiting approval. Instead of which, the host took one sip from his glass and looked up in alarm.

'Good Lord,' he said over his shoulder to the butler, 'is this my best port?'

'Oh, yes, my lord,' the butler replied.

In one of those sudden silences which descends on an unsuccessful table invariably at the precise moment something embarrassing is about to happen, the host's voice rang out loud and clear: 'Oh, bugger, you idiot! What a fucking waste!'

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Her Ladyship was a tough old bird by any standards, a terror in the huntin' field and could she knock 'em back, by Gad, yes sirrah. The table exchanged glances each time the butler refilled her glass and the host was semaphoring frantically to the hostess to get her and the women out of the dining room. By now Her Ladyship's speech was somewhat slurred but still retaining the slightly refeened enunciation sported by the horsey crowd.

The hostess smiled invitingly at Her Ladyship as the Senior Woman at the host's right, and rose. The men rose, the butler opened wide the ornate double doors leading into the drawing room, and Her Ladyship led out the women in single file in the pecking order, the hostess being the last to leave to a muttered, 'Thank God' from the host. Before the butler closed the doors, we watched the ladies beginning to disperse to the powder room when, through a side door, a footman entered the drawing room laden with an enormous silver tray loaded with every conceivable drink, his destination being a console table at the far side where he would deposit his burden for future use during the evening.

At that moment Her Ladyship said: 'Oh, bey the wey, Susan . . .' and turned smartly on her heel to face the hostess, lost her balance, swayed three steps sideways and crashed into the footman who was taken completely by surprise and did not stand an earthly chance of evading the ensuing disaster. The crash could be heard in Gloucestershire and brought a muttered 'What the fucking hell' from the host.

Her Ladyship cast a perfunctory glance at the heap of debris on the valuable Persian carpet. 'Narsty bleedin' h'accident,' she commented in an unmistakable cockney voice, and continued in her previous exalted idiom: 'As Ey was seying, Susan. . .'

The host also started to say something about the lady's antecedents and the butler hastily closed the doors.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Colonel and the Major were lifelong friends and comrades-in-arms, having passed out together at Sandhurst, serving with distinction in the same elite cavalry regiment and retiring at the same time to the same kind of private lives gallant cavalry officers with private means retire to in the country. The only difference was that whereas the Major remained a bachelor throughout, the Colonel had married a lady somewhat younger than himself, a blonde firebomb, splendidly proportioned and more fun than a cartload. She was usually the life and soul of the party at the great country house in which she and her husband, and the Major, were frequent guests by virtue of being close neighbours.

The two officers had remained friends and they and the lady formed a rather interesting threesome. She had the repartee of a rattlesnake, whereas the men, having been accustomed to taking orders all their lives, were somewhat slower on the uptake and thus, whenever confronted with an unusual situation, eventually arrived at the correct conclusion but only after some deliberation.

So it was one evening that the host having semaphored the hostess to 'get the bloody women out of here', we men were settling down to the serious part of the evening, shoving the port and brandy around the highly polished oak table. I had moved up one to the chair vacated by my female dinner partner and finished up beside the Colonel. I made some opening gambit, probably about horses, but received scant attention. Instead, he sat deep in thought, concentrating like mad and inhaling his brandy between frequent refills and glowering at his old friend the Major sitting obliquely opposite having moved up beside the host.

The Colonel seemed to be working out some extremely elaborate strategic problem. On several occasions he took a deep breath as if to say something, changed his mind and it seemed to me that he was getting redder and redder in the face. Finally he reached a decision, pushed back his chair, arose, moved somewhat unsteadily around the end of the table, stopped behind the Major's chair and ordered in a clipped military voice: 'Stand up!'

The Major in the act of telling the host a

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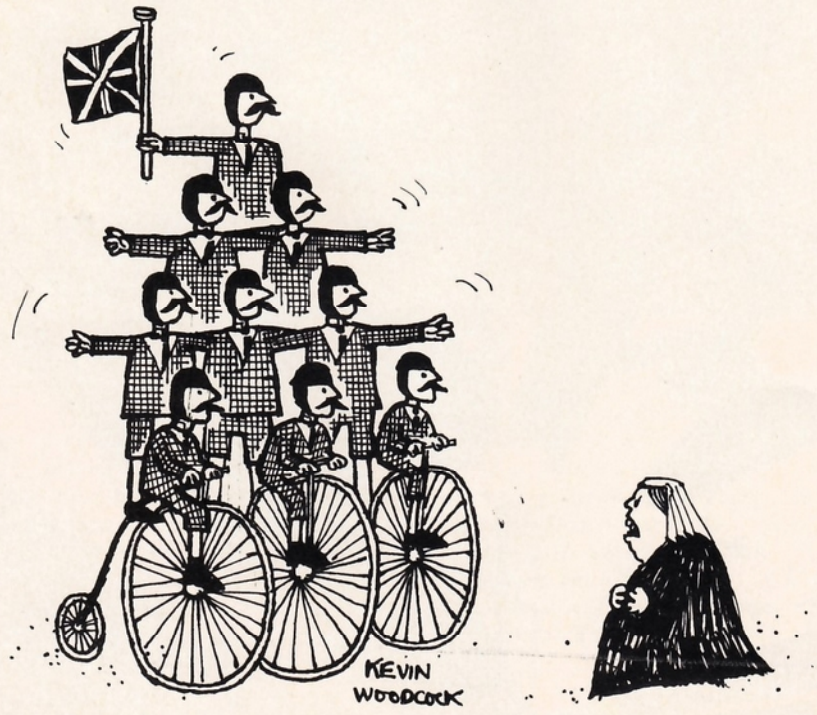
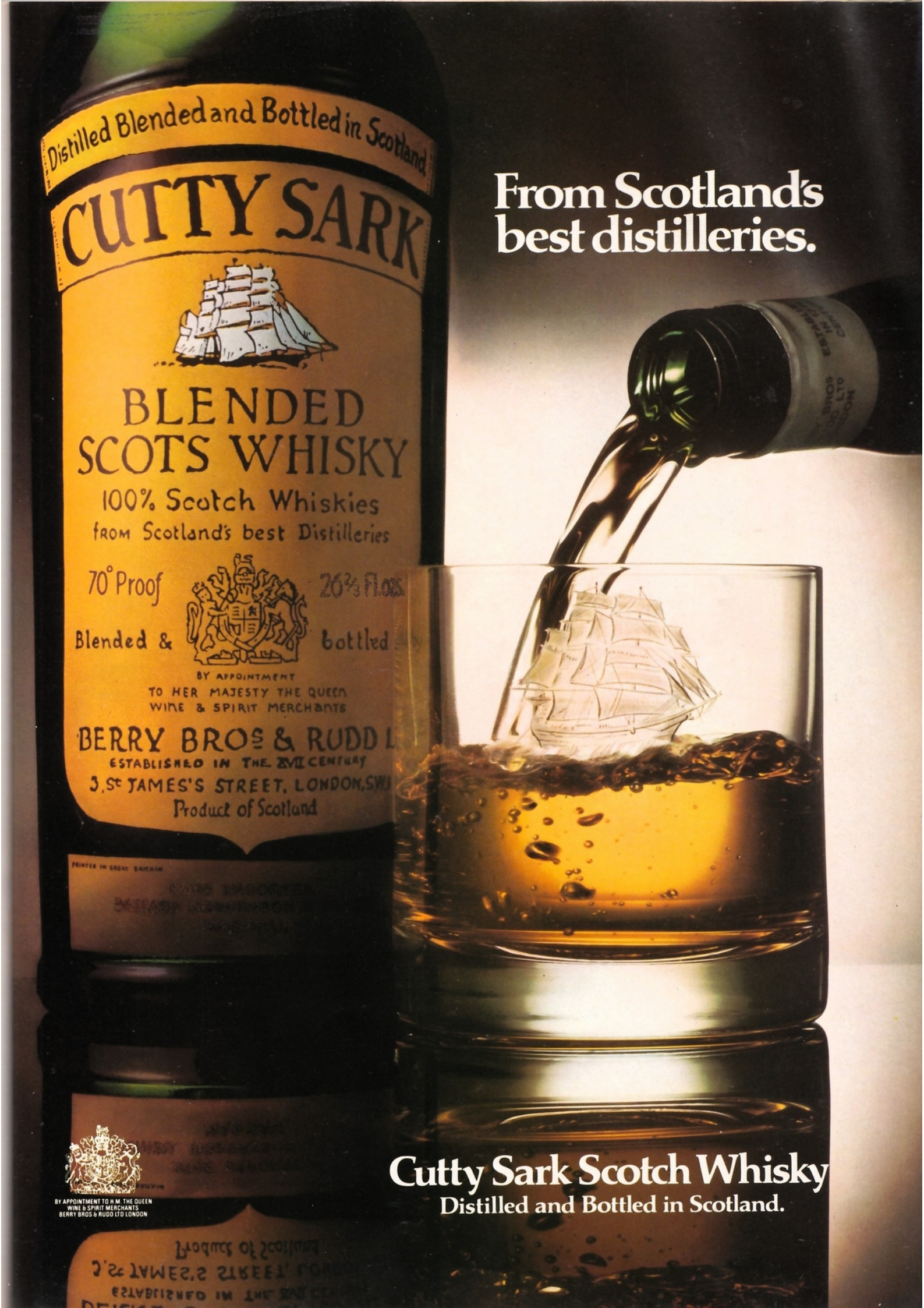


'We are not amused!'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PAT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES KING

London's Mile End Road, slicing through Stepney and Bow, is no place for faint hearts and ultra-refinement. It's a tough area, but with a strong undercurrent of friendliness, best summed-up by the attitude of 25-year-old Pat English. 'East Enders are traditionally matey,' she maintains. 'They just

don't like people with airs and graces – especially put-on ones. As far as that's concerned, I'm with them all the way as I come across some proper herberts at work.' Nine-to-five finds Pat at a City switchboard helping to keep a brokerage concern in touch with the outside world. 'Don't let the bowler hat and pin-stripe image fool you,' she grins, 'some of them are a really randy mob, always trying to touch you up. You should see them around this time of year at office parties: if their wives knew what they were up to, half of them wouldn't be allowed back home. Still,' she

smiles, 'it's all fun really, isn't it? Most of them are very nice. I've been out with some; they're terribly generous when you get to know them – they'll always buy you a little something to say "thank-you".' Pat laughs. 'I love getting presents. One chap bought me some lovely silk underwear. It was terribly sexy.' She runs her hands over her firmly-rounded 37–25–37. 'It fitted and clung everywhere; made me look ever so curvy. He made me promise I'd only wear it for him and not for any of my other boyfriends. He said it'd make him jealous if he knew his underwear was turning someone else on, which I thought was quite fair. Mark you,' she giggles, 'that's not to say I haven't other sexy things in my wardrobe, but you'll have to take me out and give me a good time if you want to find out exactly what else there is!'

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

THE LOST

1937

Though hardly any were ever produced, the Cord 812 made in 1937 was destined to become a classic and much sought-after American sportster / By David Bonner

For their own sometimes obscure reasons, British motor enthusiasts are usually quick to sneer at American cars. But despite being generally dismissed as a 'jellymould jalopy', the American automobile can and occasionally does achieve classic status. Such a marque is the Cord, whose 812 model achieved fame outside motoring circles as the car driven by that most English of secret agents Dr Jason Love in the books penned by author James Leasor. As the Aston Martin was to Bond, so the Cord was to Love, but whereas the Aston story is well chronicled, the Cord saga is less widely known.

In 1924, Errett Lobban Cord – then in his late twenties – was a successful car dealer in Chicago. So proficient was he that when the

Auburn car company were looking for a man to restore their ailing fortunes, they asked him. In five years Auburn were back on their feet and Cord had built himself a sizeable empire that included the Duesenberg car company, American airlines, the Stinson aircraft company, the Lycoming engine plant, the New York Shipbuilding Corporation and several coachbuilding companies. In 1929, the first car to bear the name Cord was launched; it was the L-29, the first American front wheel drive car to be mass-marketed. The L-29 featured a de-Dion-type front axle and inboard front brakes. The power unit was a straight-eight with a swept volume of 4934cc. Instead of being turned around for the fwd installation, it had its crankshaft extended at the front to take the flywheel thus making the timing chain inaccessible. Despite the 125 bhp produced, the L-29's overall weight of 42 cwt restricted top speed to around 80 mph. This drawback might have been overcome, but poorly-chosen ratios in the three-speed gearbox didn't make for nippy acceleration, so the speed-loving American public didn't exactly take the L-29 to their hearts. In its three years of production, Cord sold only 4,000-odd L-29s and production ended in 1932. Cord's second car, the 810, first saw light of day in 1935 and was so startlingly different in appearance to others of that time that the designer Gordon Buehrig took out a patent for a 'new, original and ornamental design for an automobile.' Easily-identifiable features of the 810 were its headlamps, adapted from aircraft landing lights, which could be cranked down flush with the pontoon-style front wings, and the streamlined nose with its wrap-round louvres replacing the usual radiator grille. The car was given the immediate nickname of 'the coffin-nosed Cord.' The 810 was rushed out in time for the 1935 New York Motor show and proved an instant success. This, in many ways, proved the undoing of Cord, because although 100 externally perfect cars *seemed* ready for delivery, the 810's complex fwd unit had been plagued by teething troubles and was nowhere near ready for installation. Instead of receiving a gleaming new car as promised in time for Christmas 1935, customers received a tiny replica model mounted on a marble slab. Still, in theory at any rate, the car was so technically advanced as to be worth the wait. It was the very first mass-produced American car to combine fwd with independent front suspension (though oddly enough the rear suspension used a tubular axle with semi-elliptical springs); it had streamline rear lights, rear-hinged bonnet, no running boards, hidden petrol cap, rheostat-controlled panel lighting, variable speed wipers and a radio as standard. The engine was the well-proven 125 bhp Lycoming, but this time it was a V8 with a swept area of 4730 cc. On paper, the advanced specs of the transmission, which revolved around preselected gears controlled electronically by a small gearlever moving in a miniature gate on the steering column – and an overdrive fourth, seemed a winner but turned out a loser. Invariably there was a small, but noticeable, time-lag between depressing the clutch and the automatic engagement of the selected gear by a complex arrangement of vacuum-operated diaphragms and electromagnets. Additionally, the early 810s were liable to boil as the water-passages in the cylinder heads were far too narrow to be practicable.

Cord originally aimed for a first-year production target of 12,000 810s, but in reality only just over a thousand were sold. Although the styling was much admired the car's mechanical shortcomings significantly contributed to its lack of success. In 1937 however, the last true Cord appeared and although only a handful were produced, it became a classic – a sports car to be talked of in the same breath as Jaguar XKs, Alfas and Mercs. It was the Cord 812, style-wise very similar to the 'coffin-nosed' 810, but with all sorts of excitements taking place under the bonnet, where a super charger boosted engine power to around 170 bhp giving a top speed in excess of 100 mph. The distinguishing mark of the 812 was a set of huge chrome-plated exhausts emerging from the side of the bonnet and a deep growl that in turn emerged from the exhausts – music to the ears of any enthusiast. Sadly however, the 812 arrived on the scene too late to alter Cord's destiny. E L Cord himself sold his interests and went into radio and TV and by 1938 the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg group was in the hands of the receiver. The Cord story didn't end there however. The dies for the 810/812 were bought by the Hupmobile motor company but their attempts at adapting the Cord shape to their rear-driven running gear ended in dismal failure. The historic dies were abandoned as scrap. Unconfirmed reports have them reappearing in the hands of Nissan-Datsun in Japan, but in all likelihood they rusted to extinction. In 1954 an American named Glenn Pray produced an 8/10th scale Chevrolet-powered Cord; the result – failure. Through the sixties and even into the seventies sporadic attempts were made to revive the Cord marque, but none of these ventures really ever got off the ground. The last vehicle to bear the name Cord was marketed at the end of the sixties by the SAMCO company, but it was a Cord in name only with the front wheel drive and retractable headlights abandoned in favour of more conventional layouts. As for E L Cord, he never regained any control, or even retained any interest in the company he abandoned in the mid-thirties.

Had the 810 overcome its transmission problems; had the 812 arrived earlier; had the 935, an experimental limousine prototyped in 1936, gone into full production, then perhaps Cord would today be as familiar a transatlantic marque as Chevrolet and Cadillac. It is true that American cars have their detractors, but few would argue over the merits of the 812. When E L Cord died in January 1974, he would at least have had the satisfaction of seeing the last car to bear his own distinctive imprint recognised as a collector's classic.

'I must say I'm impressed with the car and I particularly like the short stubby gearstick.'

6 new ways to satisfy them this Christmas

TABLE-TOPPERS

There's nothing to beat it on a table. The Cricket Table Lighter, that is. There are 6 different 'household name' designs – attractive, fashionable and fun. Not just a flash in the pan, either. They'll last and last, and are simply refilled with Cricket lighters. So get rid of those old flames. R.S.P. £1.98.

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Just the gift to make your relationship even closer. This Lady Braun cosmetic shaver takes off unwanted hair all over, because its specially-designed foil gets effortlessly into all those nooks and crannies. There's a cutting comb on the side to keep longer hair in shape too. It comes with its own beauty case. R.S.P. £16.95.

28

Impeccable Pedigree.

When Hollywood super stud meets virginal English superstar for her first all nude love scene some stiff problems can easily arise

HOLLY WOULD IF HE COULD

Humour by Nigel Ash

News of little Jenny Little's big bare day had escaped from the studio. The elfin-faced star of uniquely English innocence was about to peel from her John O'Groats to her Lands End, before the caressing lens of US super director Sam Silverman.

The entire studio perspired with anticipation. But the unsavoury hoard of pressmen sweated with anger and early morning California sun. They were barred from the gates by two dozen palm-tapping nightsticks. Not even Jake Hawkins – the Jake Hawkins of the London Sunday Mail's 'Insider' team, could talk his way past this phalanx. Only accredited studio personnel and the usual gang of extras were allowed in.

Sam turned again to his underling: 'No screw ups, Lenny. This has got to go good and gentle.' He began walking into the circle of huge lamps which would shortly be throwing their glare onto a double bed in a plush Regency set. With uncharacteristic gentleness he patted the bed. Then he frowned and turned his shiny red bullet head. 'Lenny!' he screamed, though little Lenny was right beside him, 'I thought I said the set was to be cleared of all superfluous, personnel? Didn't I say that Lenny?'

'Sure Sam. I threw out half the crew already.'

'Throw out another half,' said Sam, who had never been good at maths. 'My little girl ain't baring her arse in front of all these jerks. Jesus, Lenny, are you dumb? This is a little English Rose we got us. This scene's going to be natural, pure, beautiful.' He grabbed a mike.

'Okay you guys', said Sam, his voice echoing around the 150 foot roof of the studio, 'Now hear this. I want no screw ups today. Any jerk found on set who ain't supposed to be here gets his balls torn off. Any guy who is supposed to be here but I find playing with himself gets his balls torn off. Any guy who mutters one smutty remark or laughs at our leading lady gets his balls torn off and any guy who fouls up and keeps our stars bare-arsed one second longer than is necessary gets his balls torn off. Right will someone get some more heat here. It's like the fuckin' Arctic. Lenny!'

'Sam?'

'Lenny, the boys on the gate said they

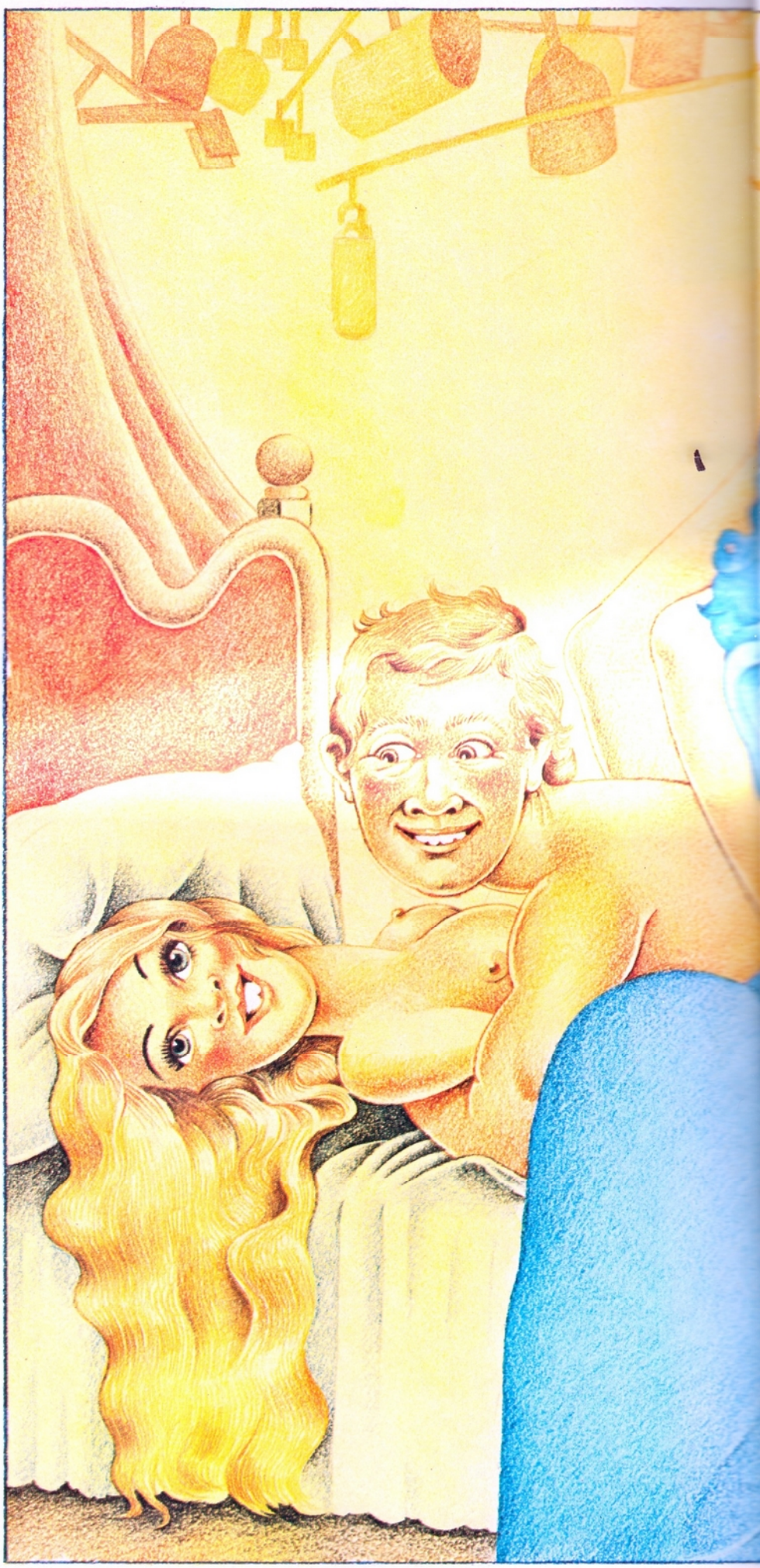

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN CRACKNELL

ALAN CRACKNELL

caught some Press boys trying to get in. I want you to get Security in here. Cover the outside of the lot with them. If they see one guy with anything that looks like a camera, even a box brownie, they're to jump up and down on it and the guy.'

'Right Sam.'

Jenny Little's first nude scene ever was called. Holly Herman, a beneficiary of Charles Atlas muscle-mapping and a collage face from the best American tobacco ads came on set in jeans and shirt that bulged. His Pierre Cardin Y-fronts, flown in especially from Paree for the shot, were strangling him. The man who made more frigid hearts throb than Christian Barnhard was so excited about playing with the nymph-like Jenny he kept wanting to pee.

'Hell Sam, I've got to pay a visit.' He re-entered his bathrobe and barged off set in that famous grizzly bear walk, that had left ten million female dreamers naked and helpless. A few gay guys dreamt just about the same thing too.

The chatter on set should have been less than usual because there was a fraction of the normal crew present. But the tension made everyone talk louder. However, the minute Jenny Little stepped onto the lot there was complete silence. Well except for Sam that was. His fat arse was the first thing Jenny saw. He was bent over hammering his folding canvas chair on the ground like a gorilla because it wouldn't open properly, screaming: 'Goddam fuckin' chair!'

Then slowly his eyeballs flicked from side to side and he stood up slowly. Turned around. Jenny Little stood there quietly, her long lithe body with its broad shoulders and endless legs in effortless repose. Her silk hair flowed on either side of her elfin face like a golden torrent parting before the most perfect pearl.

Jenny was like a Staffordshire figurine fashioned from thinnest porcelain. Her beauty was as incredible as her fragility. Men who loved her wanted to encase her in protective titanium. Men who desired her knew their passion would only crush her.

Convent-reared in Berkshire, she still carried the faint nervous smile and unstained wide blue eyes with which she must have greeted the wicked world on her last day with the nuns two years before.

Now 19, she had created what no star before her had ever achieved, not even Garbo. She had made a mystery out of innocence. Even on this day when she was to be cinematographically debauched, she was tied by its faded tassles into a tatty camel-hair dressing-gown that had hung many a night in the convent dorm.

Although her sublime nymphette form screamed 'Intercourse' with the most erect capital 'I', her unmuddied face seemed ready to speak only of riding her pony, and helping Daddy mow the lawn.

In the four months that Sam Silverman had been shooting *Rufus and the White Slave,* not once had her innocence seemed sullied. But this day . . . well, would she survive it?

'Jenny!' screamed Sam, 'My little bo-peep. How are you?'

He waddled over to her at such speed that

he only just managed to flick his feet forwards in time to catch his weight. He seized the starlet's hand and showered it with B-movie kisses. He admired Jenny at arms' length which wasn't far. Jenny smiled at him demurely and dried her hand on her robe.

Holly came back from the loo five minutes later. It was no easy job getting back into his Y-fronts which for some reason, probably aesthetic, didn't 'Y' like normal fronts.

'Okay,' microphoned Sam, 'first off we'll have the crucial scene. You Holly as Rufus the no-good white slaver are gonna come into poor little Jenny's bedroom 'coz you're gonna carry her off into scene 23 which we did just before Christmas. Right. Now Jenny, poor gal is asleep naked in this here bed. You come in mean and determined and when you see her sleeping form, you decide you're gonna help yourself to a bit of the action right there and then. Now I gonna have one big shot. You come in, you see, you like, you walk over to the bed and you pull back the covers. Jenny, she moves a bit but don't wake up. You gloat some, then go down and start stroking her. Then we'll cut. You sure you feel okay Jenny baby? I know how difficult this is going to be for you.'

'I feel great, Sammy,' smiled Jenny.

Sam swallowed: 'Right everyone. Places – please' he added because of his respect for his little bo-peep. He pretended to look elsewhere but like everyone else he was watching when Jenny gave her dressing-gown to the make-up girl and slipped between the sheets of the bed. Sam tugged at his collar.

When Holly first came in and pulled back the sheets everyone forgot what they were supposed to be doing for a moment. Jenny feigned sleep like the great actress she was but her body acted on without her. Her firm stomach rose and fell as she breathed. Her breasts with their small dark nipples trembled like aspens and the down at the bottom of her pelvis rose up like an enchanted garden. The long hairless legs flowed away like liquid marble into the rest of the covers.

'Hell Sam, I've forgotten what I gotta do next,' said Holly after a pause.

'That's okay, Holly, we're not shooting. kneel down and start playing with her. Sort of admire her like she were something on display in a shop.'

'Hell Sam, what sorta shop?'

'Whaddyamean, what sort of a shop!'

After one more run-through, with specific, unmetaphorical instructions for Holly's benefit, they did a take.

'Action!'

Holly did just fine. He got to the bed, pulled back the covers and began to play with Jenny's beautiful body. His fingers roamed up and down her from chest to pelvis. He dallied with her nipples, tipping them one way, then the other, ran his fingers through her muff then slipped them between her legs and began to stroke her groin. Jenny continued her Oscar-winning performance of sleep.

'Shall we cut now Sam?' said Lenny timorously.

Sam snapped out of his dream: 'Cut? Yeah, sure cut. Didn't I say "cut"? Yeah for Chrissakes Cut! Cut! Cut!' He rounded on the cameraman: 'Who do you think I am, Andy Warhol?'

Sam decided to print that take. The next shot was going to involve Holly stripping off slowly, ending with the camera closing in on his evil grin as he looked at the bed only the bottom of which was in camera for the whole take.

'May I go and have a cup of tea Sammy?' said Jenny with a smile.

'Tea! ... er ... Yeah sure baby, sure baby. Don't be long though. Holly will cut through this one like butter.'

But Holly didn't. He just couldn't get the right sort of evil grin looking at an empty bed. Four times he stripped right down and four times he had to be fitted back inside his Pierre Cardin 'Y'-fronts. Sam had to put Jenny back on the bed. 'I'm sorry baby. But Holly is a method actor, understand? He needs you there.'

Two hours later Sam had a choice of 12 evil grins in as many takes. One of them would have to do.

'Right Holly, Jenny. This is where Jenny wakes up. We gonna have sound for this. You give a little cry and before you can move, Holly is down on top of you. He puts one hand – are you listening Holly? – you put one hand on Jenny like so, and you put the other hand over her mouth.'

Sam was lying on the bed beside the naked Jenny demonstrating. His whole body was quivering. 'Then you say, "Shut up or I'll wring your neck", then you take away the hand from her mouth and move it down slowly over her body, like so.' He flicked his eyes urgently to Jenny's face and smiled as his hands trembled on her warm flesh. To his relief she smiled back innocently. 'Then', said Sam, 'you climb on her and force her legs apart and we are going to zoom in on your face and shoulders, Jenny, with Holly on top of you.' Sam decided not to demonstrate this.

'Jenny, baby, you're gonna be wide-eyed with horrors, right? Because this has never happened to you before. I want you to show horror, then surprise and then pain and more horror as he . . .' Sam swallowed, 'as he begins to take you. Then Holly, you

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Black has always been sought after.

"Johnnie Walker" Black Label

EXTRA SPECIAL OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

PENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

A year ago, Lesley Chisholm, then 21 appeared in the centre of our Christmas issue and proved one of our most popular models ever. Since then, Lesley's made a return visit to our pages alluringly clad in black PVC and has gone on to carve out a highly successful modelling career. Now following in Lesley's footsteps is her 19-year-old sister Penny, like Lesley, a blonde

with blue eyes and, coincidentally, having the same measurements of 34–22–33. Although on the surface both girls share a number of characteristics, Penny's personality is distinctly different from Lesley's. 'Basically,' laughs Penny, 'I'm not that keen on work – I'm all for the easy life. I'd like to be an actress or get into films, but I don't think I've got the staying power to go to drama school' – a grin – 'I'm just waiting to be discovered! I don't like studying at all really. I went to the Lord Digby Grammar School in Sherborne and left at 16 to take a course in business studies at Yeovil College. That only lasted a year though. Apart from following Lesley into a short spell of nursing at the Coldharbour Hospital in Sherborne, I've been at the Webbington Country Club in Weston-super-Mare ever since. I started as a barmaid, but then I met my current boyfriend who owns the club, so now I spend a great deal of time out there with him. The social life's very good, but it is a bit confining, if you know what I mean, so I sometimes get the

feeling that I might eventually have to move up to London to further a career, as it can certainly be very restrictive down here. I must admit though, being connected with a club does have a great many advantages. You get a great many top-class cabaret artistes appearing, for instance, though I must say that none have impressed me overmuch. It all really turns on the social scene. I tend to gravitate towards older men – my current boyfriend's 25 years older than me–as I guess I need a father-figure; someone to look after me. The older men tend to have money too. I quite like being chatted-up by younger guys, but they never seem to have all that much money, do they? I suppose the ideal would be a young, rich guy.' Penny smiles. 'I have expensive tastes, you see. It must be something to do with the fact that I'm a Sagittarius. We're fiery too.' She laughs. 'I've got a temper just like Lesley's – so you've now got *two* cantankerous Chisholms!'

William Boddy looks back at the beginnings of the great British omnibus

BUS ROOTS

Photographed by Andrew Morland

I am old enough to remember buses in the country, and London omnibuses of a goodly time ago. The former, when I was a young man, were competing with railway branch lines, not yet axed by Lord Beeching and his predecessors. Those buses managed fairly well. Licences were comparatively easy to acquire. Thus one-man bands and soldiers returned from the recent Great War could purchase one-off Public Service vehicles and ply for hire more or less when and where they desired.

In my case, the ones I remember best went once or twice a week, and also on Saturdays, from Waddesdon Village, where the Rothschilds resided in Waddesdon Manor, to the Buckinghamshire market town of Aylesbury, where we are told the ducks come from and, at that time, the Cubitt

Main picture: a Leyland G7 51-seater omnibus dating from 1922. A common sight on London bus routes, this vehicle had a body built by Short Bros. of Rochester – chiefly aircraft manufacturers until the close of World War One. The open upper deck, protected only by removable canvas covers, was a normal feature of the capital's buses at this time. Above: a 1930 Chevrolet 14-seater coach. Immediate and far right: a 1930 Leyland Lion LT1 30-seater with a body by another aircraft manufacturer, A V Roe. Centre right: rear view of a Leyland Lioness LTB1, a 26-seat open tourer dating from 1929.

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Fuggles

motorcar certainly did. The buses concerned, which travelled along the grass-flanked road that is now the busy A41, were a Lancia and a Model T Ford. Not fast, not very comfortable. The windows of the latter rattled like fury and the seats were hard and upright. But it was sheer joy to a young lad who, collaring a front seat, could see the road slowly unwinding ahead and watch what the much-envied driver did with hands and feet. I recall that the start was a leisurely business, for country buses inevitably waited until all the regular passengers were aboard. They would then rattle off, stopping to 'pick up' or 'set down' at well-known crossroads and wayside inns. As for coming back it was customary, on this route at least, for the driver, who also doubled as conductor and conveyor of local news and scandal, to ask when his better known clients wanted to return. After a brief conference, a mutual time would be agreed. But it would only be kept to if all those who had ridden the outward journey were on board for the departure, made in

Opposite page, main picture: an AEC K-type 46-seater double decker dating from the London General Omnibus Company of 1929. Far left: a 1931 20-seater Bedford WLG with a Rainford body. Immediate left: a 1950 32-seat Albion Victor FT39AW with a Duple body. This page, above: a 1932 14-seater Albion STLB41 saloon bus. Top right: a 56-seat Associated Engineering Company Regent I double decker dating from 1929 with an A V Roe body. Bottom right: a between-the-wars Gilford.

the dusk, flickering lamps alight, and everyone laden with parcels and gossip.

This scene was enacted in all the villages and small country towns of Britain and very ancient some of the buses that plied for hire were. Some were scarcely larger than the private car-type chassis their bodies were mounted on. Others would be in the category of the Leyland G7 illustrated here, although its 51-seater capacity suggests use in busier areas, such as the growing towns and the suburbs connecting them.

In London the motor omnibus had been well established even before the 1914–18 war. Clarkson steamers and petrol buses had proved so much quicker, of longer range, and cleaner (no manure) than the horse-drawn buses that they prevailed in

Main picture: a 1948 Leyland Tiger PS1/1 with a Park Royal body. Similar 32-seaters pioneered country bus services and remain their backbone. This page, top: the distinctive Red Indian bonnet symbol of a Guy Motors Wolf 20-seat coach; with its Waveney body, this vehicle dates from 1938. Above: a 1939 Bristol K5G 53-seater with a body by Eastern Coach Works. Immediate right: a 1929 Dennis E 32-seater with a body by Dixons of East Bromwich. Centre right: another view of a London General Omnibus Company K-type AEC 46-seater, this dating from 1920. Far right: an L G O C 30-seater AEC Regal I from 1929.

SOUTHDOWN
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502

GENERAL

spite of some loudly-voiced prejudices. It never fails to surprise me how many long routes they operated, such as right across London and out to what were then termini in the open country. I don't profess to know how frequently these early vehicles were serviced, but there were not all that many, and the timetables were notably full. It suggests mechanical reliability with a capital R.

I am not quite so senile as to remember those pre-Kaiser War buses. But I did know those of the later 1920s and 1930s. For a longish time the authorities refused to allow covered tops on London's omnibuses. So we rode to and from work in vehicles such as the K-type of the Associated Engineering Company here depicted. Holding 46 of us on two decks this London General Omnibus Company bus ran on solid tyres, which meant that its driver had to be adept at skid control, particularly over the wood setts of Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch. The top deck was uncovered, which was alright on warm, fine summer days, especially on runs out to Purley, Kenley and similar country places. Some bus-buff is going to tell me that K-types never ran on that route. I am no expert on the fascinating topic of routes, route-numbers, and bus tickets. But if they didn't, the great, thrumming petrol-electric Tilling-Stevens did. Smooth in action, the drivers of these vehicles would tend to pull on the handbrake at a stop they would have liked to ignore, so that the locked rear wheels, with their double, smooth tread, rubber tyres would hit the kerb with a mighty thump.

During the rush-hour, even on rainy days, the top deck of such LGOC transports would be crowded. The seats upstairs were protected with stiff canvas covers, very difficult to unhitch with cold fingers, as I can testify. The seats themselves were simple un-upholstered benches. Those were the days of open motorcars, open cockpit aeroplanes and perhaps a more hardy race of human beings, in consequence. To a young man there was a certain anticipation in riding 'on top' on a wet day. You never knew whether your luck might be in and the vacant seat next to you be taken by a charming young girl who, after fumbling in her purse for the few pennies the fare into London cost, might open her umbrella and offer to share it with you. You could then help the flapper, the young typist, to hold her 'gamp' against the wind, as the K-type or whatever thrust and jostled and quivered its way through the traffic. Maybe there is something mildly sexual about the female-of-the-species wanting protection from the elements, at the risk even of a blown-inside-out stumpy umbrella – anyway, the conductor's cry of 'Full up – room for one, upstairs' – *ting, ting*, was music to one whose hope was that the 'one' might be a pretty young bird, braving the weather.

'Decent enough chap, but a bit of a boss's man . . .'

This was the time of the 'pirate' London buses, which used to run rings, literally, round the more staid LGOC drivers in order to pick up extra fares. Run by very small operators they were driven fast and often in what looked to the elderly a dangerous manner. So we youngsters *had* to ride on them; apart from which, you could then 'collect' makes, such as Thornycroft, Dennis, Bristol – the last built exclusively in that famous city, bodies as well as mechanicals – and so on, at a time when most London buses were otherwise of anonymous LGOC definition. But in the end the 'pirates' were banned; bus dullness began.

Like old cars, aged buses have become much sought-after heirlooms, with prices adjusted accordingly, more's the pity. The fascination of repainting a once well-known bus in its former livery and lining and giving it correct nameboards does not escape me. Today the Historic Commercial Vehicle Club, which started in a very small way a number of years ago at Lord Montagu's Beaulieu Motor Museum, caters for buses, along with more mundane commercial carriers. Andrew Morland took these photos at the club's 1977 London to Brighton run. Coach builder Michael Benfield enjoys the past as well as the present in this respect. Instead of putting all the profits from his business into the bank, he uses some of it to purchase and restore interesting commercial vehicles from long ago. Such as his open-top LGOC bus with solid tyres, 'cowcatcher' along the side (to thrust careless pedestrians away from the double back wheels) and the driver high up in an open, unprotected seat beside the lusty 6-cylinder petrol engine. This one cost £120 as a wreck but since its meticulous rebuild, is insured for £12,000. It is a No 12, once taking on fares on the King's Cross–Peckham Rye route, via Bayswater, Marble Arch, Oxford Street, Regent Street and over Westminster Bridge.

This was a typical London bus. In other towns you saw the Leylands – such a famous name in the lorry world, with a fine war record with the RFC and RAF – the Albions and the Guys. The Guy came from Wolverhampton and there was the Dennis from Guildford made by a company famous for its fire engines. The Chevrolets of the country routes gave way to Luton-built Bedfords, still the backbone of the stupendous General Motors combine. These were the chassis. The bodies might be made by any one of a large number of specialist coachbuilders: Duple, Dixon's, even A V Roe, a former aeroplane constructor.

As the years rolled along these once simple buses acquired standards of comfort, performance and complexity that almost surpassed the best private cars, for better engineering goes into a commercial vehicle of Public Service chassis than it does into most of our private cars. But as these faithful servers of the public grew up they grew larger, and as they grew quieter and vibrationless, they lost much of their character. And the girls no longer huddled beside you on that exposed top deck . . .

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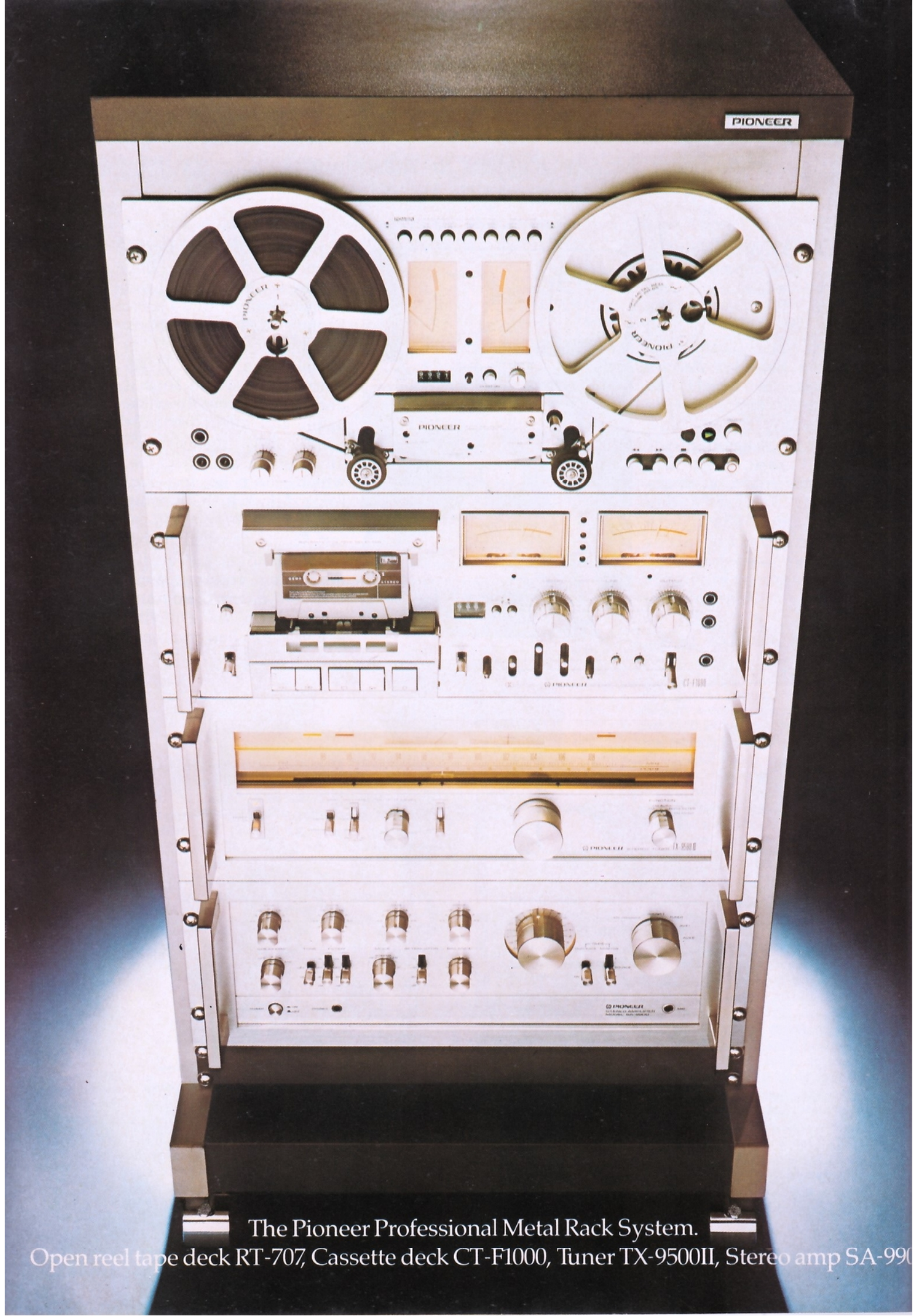

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CLAIRE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Some time ago, singer Mike Nesmith released a record called *Sweet Young Thing* and that title seems to sum up 19-year-old Claire Cuthbert to total perfection. She's shy, sensitive and soft-spoken and, on the surface at any rate, more demure than daring. 'What you're really saying is that you're a bit taken aback that I agreed to model,' says 35–22–34 Claire. 'I can tell you though that the reason I decided to strip

was precisely because all my friends think I am demure and innocent.' She pauses. 'Don't get me wrong though. I'm not a great bed-hopping raver either. I'm just an ordinary middle-of-the-road girl with a normal outlook on life, the usual likes and dislikes and, as far as I can judge, an extremely average sex-life. I don't think there's very much special about me at all (remember these are Claire's words gentlemen, not ours) but as I was getting just the faintest bit bored with being treated like Little Miss Muppet, I thought it was high time I surprised a few people.' Those on a collision course with what must undoubtedly be the most pleasing surprise of the year are the good folk of Marlborough in Wiltshire, among whom may be numbered several hundred lusty lads at the town's famous public school. It must be admitted though, before Marlborough is turned upside-down, that Claire is *temporarily* working in Reading pounding a typewriter in an effort to save up enough money for a New Year winter sporting holiday. 'Not that I'm keen on being away from

home,' admits Claire, 'but Reading's just about the nearest place of any size, so finding work there's that bit easier. I'm often back around home though. Especially *The Bell Inn* at Ramsbury. I always ask to get taken there when I'm given the choice. They do a rude pud.' She giggles. 'Honestly, it's called something like "black bottom pudding". Were I *that* demure, it'd make me blush!'

"Well, they said anything could happen."

Holly would if he could

continued from page 82

start moving on her. You take your rhythm from him Jenny, okay? We'll see how it goes and probably cut after about ten seconds.' Sam stood up and adjusted his dress. 'Howdya feel baby? I know this is gonna be hard but I want you to know that we're all rootin' for you and we can get through this bit in no time at all.'

She returned his encouraging smile.

'Okay, places everybody! Make-up, there's some dribble on Miss Little's left breast. See to it please!'

Holly was rehearsing which arm went where and muttering to himself as he committed the moves to memory. 'Roll 'em,' said Sam. 'Sound, action!'

The clapper boy pranced in front of the camera and the shot began. Sam decided to ignore the frown of concentration on Holly's face which had totally replaced the evil grin. They could always shoot the scene again. The sound boom hovered over the bed in time to catch Jenny's little cry as she woke up. Holly fumbled as he began to put the wrong hand over her mouth, but it didn't look too bad.

'Shut up or I'll cut your throat.' he said.

'Neck, neck,' yelled Sam, 'Keep it running. Go again Holly. The word is neck.'

Holly went back and started again. He got the hands right this time. Jenny gave her little cry. 'Shut up or I'll cut your neck.'

'Cut, cut, cut,' yelled Sam.

Holly stood up petulantly.

'Hell Sam, that's what I said.'

Sam seethed out of his chair and the cigar in his teeth was aimed at Holly's half-covered heart.

'The word is "wring" not "cut". I say "cut", you say "wring" but if you had said "wring" I would not have said "cut". Unnastand?'

'Well, hell no, Sam. Can you give it to me again slowly please?'

Holly got it again slowly and they went for a second take. Just as the clapper boy danced in front of the camera, Holly grinned sadly at Jenny and covered up her body with the sheets.

'Whaddhell's wrong Holly? Continuity, I want those sheets back exactly as before.'

'Hell Sam, I'm sorry but I think I'd understand this scene better if I knew one thing.'

'What's that?' said Sam with masterful gentility.

'I need to know what "wring" means, Sam.'

Sam shook his head: 'Holly baby, you wring a chicken's neck don't you? When you kill a chicken you wring its neck.'

'Well maybe I do Sam. But if I did, I didn't know it.

Normally I just chopped them behind the head like so and then twisted their heads till they come off.' Holly's hairy hands demonstrated. He looked around angrily towards the titter from behind the camera. Sam was nodding at some secret truth he had just appreciated.

'Yeah Holly, well that's just about what wringing a neck means, except you don't chop before you twist and pull.'

'Hell Sam. Now I see. Sorry to hold you up. I don't understand these college agricultural terms.' He grinned and went back to the bed.

'Right, let's take it again. You straight about the line now, Holly?'

'Hell yes Sam. I got it to rights now.'

Take three began to get took.

'Shut up or I'll wring your neck,' said Holly.

Jenny's face had filled with horror, now it filled with surprise as Holly's hand moved down from her mouth. His fingers lingered over her neck and cruised along the skin of her breast to her nipple. Jenny maintained her expression of surprise as Holly pushed her legs wider apart and lifted himself up and on top of her. Then he began to move up and down on her. Sam watched approvingly waiting for Jenny's expression to change to one of pain but she held on to her look of surprise. She suddenly looked out of shot towards where his chair was hidden behind the glare of the lights.

'Hey Sammy, he hasn't got it in!'

'Cut!' yelled Sam, 'Whaddya mean, bo-peep?'

'He hasn't got his thingey in me,' explained Jenny propping herself on her elbows while Holly collapsed and laid his eyes longingly on her nipples.

Sam had a fresh cigar in his mouth, unlit. He walked slowly into the lights, his head on one side.

'I don't understand you baby?'

Jenny gave a little girl sigh and repeated herself patiently.

'Holly hasn't got his thingey inside of me.'

Sam shook his head: 'He's not supposed to have this "thingey" inside of you. It's pretend from hereon in.'

'But Sammy I can't pretend a thing like that. He's going to have to do it.

Sam lit his cigar to give himself time to think.

'Jenny, my little bo-peep, there is no way he can put his thingey in you.'

'Yes, there is,' said Jenny, 'look, it's all ready to go in.' She moved her leg aside and Holly's prick shot up like a soldier.

'Jenny baby!' cried Sam. 'This is a high class movie not a smut reel. I can't have Holly doing it to you. You can't be serious. You're putting me on.' Sam waved the hanging Holly away from the bed and knelt down beside her. While he spoke confidentially, he swept his hand about and each time his chubby wrist brushed against a nipple. 'Baby, you don't really want a thing like this to happen to you on set?

'Oh yes I do Sammy. It's never happened to me before and I believe in acting the truth.

'Jesus Christ!' murmured the director.

'Please Sammy,' she pleaded, her wide innocent eyes numbing his resistance, 'let Holly do it properly.'

Sam took a deep breath and stood up. Aside from the bed he put his arm round Holly's waist (the shoulders were too high) and muttered: 'You're gonna have to screw her, Holly. She won't have it any other way. I'm sorry about this, boy.'

'Hell Sam,' said Holly, 'I don't really mind.'

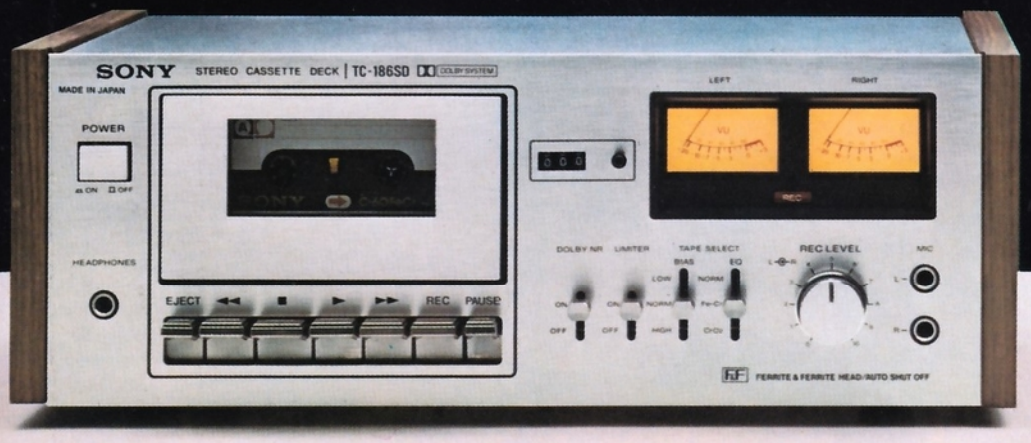
'Right everybody, places. Let's take it again from the top.'

'Shut up or I'll wring your neck.' The horror-filled Jenny's face, refilled with surprise.

Sam sat in his chair crushing his cigar between his lips. He waited for Jenny's expression to change from surprise to pain. Holly was wiggling his arse about and sucking her tit like his life depended on it

turn to page 112

'When you pay for what you get there's always a chance you pay for what you get.'



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Holly would if he could

continued from page 109

but now there was another look on Jenny's face. Things were going wrong. 'Cut!'

'It's his thingey,' said Jenny, 'It's all wet and soft.' Holly looked up sadly. All the make-up in the world couldn't conceal the Apache red he had gone. 'Hell Sam, I shot my bolt. I can't do it with all these people lookin'.'

Sam bit through his cigar.

Lenny cruised up. 'Sam. If she really wants it, we can get an extra to do it for her. We only really need her facial reaction. We've got the Holly make-up wigs and everything from the stunt scenes with the stand-in. We could go on that.'

Holly had overheard: 'No extra ain't got my body,' he complained.

Sam sneered: 'Any fool who can tug a couple of springs apart has got your body Holly. Go play with yourself. We'll get a stand-in extra. Go to it Lenny. I want this shot in the can before lunch.'

It took half an hour to get the extra ready. Give or take a bulge, in the wig with his head turned away from the camera, he looked just like the disgraced Holly. Although it would be dubbed out, he delivered the big line with chilling venom. 'Shut up or I'll wring your neck.'

Jenny's look remained one of horror. There was no surprise but Sam decided not to cut. It seemed better that way. The extra ran his left hand over Jenny's young, lithe body and managed to hold both her arms firmly above her with one big hand. He toyed with her nipples, kissed them with a twist of his head, tugging at them as he released them from his teeth. Then with masterful dramatic insight, he pushed her legs apart and in one quick move was up and over and in between them. Sam winced when he saw the man's buttock muscles flex as he drove home to the hilt. Jenny's mouth opened and she gave an unscripted gasp. 'What the hell,' thought Sam. He wasn't sure if it was really convincing but her face now displayed all sorts of emotion.

The guy was working backwards and forwards and Jenny's back was folding downwards with the power of him. He had released her arms and her hands clawed uselessly against his wide back. He lay to her left so that her right breast was always in shot. The film danced along its rivets.

The man's big hand reached up and kneaded Jenny's delicate little breast; tugging the nipple up the same way that Holly killed chickens. Jenny was moaning. Perhaps she was moaning a bit too much but it could always be edited out. Now her expression was one of pain and horror. The guy was shafting her quickly, working up and down on her so that the bed was shaking. 'Hell,' thought Sam, 'the set's shaking too.' But he let it run.

Suddenly Jenny spreadeagled herself and let out a series of piercing cries. The sound man ripped the phones from his head and blinked. Jenny appeared to be exploding off the bed in convulsive jerks. Her head was buried against the extra's neck and her teeth were sinking deep into his flesh. Still he thrust on and her buttocks gave and sprang like pink squash balls.

For a moment she collapsed backwards and lay limp while his arse bounced above her with almost machine-like regularity and power but then she was caught up in the second waves of orgasm. Sam shifted uncomfortably on his seat. Holly stood on the other side of the set clutching his cock under his bathrobe and cursing.

Now both lovers were gasping and the sweat was beginning to glisten. Jenny was wracked helplessly with withering convulsions of ecstacy and still the guy ground on. Her eyes rolled to camera. 'That was good,' thought Sam.

'We zonked out,' said the cameraman, abruptly. 'No more film.'

'No more film, Sam,' said Lenny.

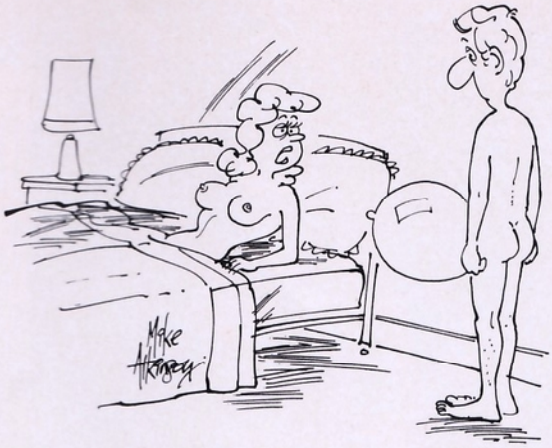
Sam dragged himself away from the bed. 'Cut,' he yelled. 'Cut. Cut.' But still the extra went on screwing and still Jenny writhed and frothed beneath him.

Sam bit the end off another cigar and stood up. 'Shit!' he hissed. He waddled to the bed and stood stupidly beside the writhing bodies.

'That's it, baby. That's the end of the shot.' But they continued. He patted the extra's back.

'Hey buster! Thank you. I said we got the take. You can stop now.'

But they fornicated on like he wasn't there,



'Are you sure you've used one of those things before?'

moaning and groaning in their own special world.

'Shall I have cold water thrown on them?' asked Lenny.

'No.' Sam seized the mike 'Cut those lights! I want every sonofabitch out of here right now. And turn the heating off.'

The lot doors were shut on Jenny's echoing moans and the low, bull-like snorts of the extra.

Sam waved his fat hand in the California sunshine. 'If the Press get this, I'm through. I don't know, though, Lenny. Perhaps you and I should be making blue movies. With studs like that we should really sell pictures. 'It was good viewing wasn't it?' agreed Lenny glancing at the guarded green door to the lot.

'Poor little bo-peep,' muttered Sam.

'Are you sure we shouldn't stop them Sam?'

'I'm not sure about anything any more,' replied Sam sadly. 'I thought there were still some decent people left in the world. I mean Jenny . . . ! Shit. I hate to think of it.'

He lit another cigar.

An hour later none of the crew had left their group outside the lot door. Their wait in the sunshine was rewarded then when it slid open and the extra, still in his wig but now dressed, walked out nonchalantly. Jenny, wrapped demurely in her dressing-gown, gave him a farewell peck in the doorway and he slipped his hands behind the material for one last caress of her chewed and bruised breasts. Jenny smiled at Sam and walked through the crowd towards her caravan parked up against the lot wall. The extra watched her go.

The blue movies idea had stuck with Lenny and before the guy shoved off, he hurried to his side.

'Say buster, that was some performance in there.'

'You got what you wanted?'

'Well kind of. It was more what Miss Little wanted though.'

The extra nodded. 'Yeah. I kinda thought so.'

'Have you done this sort of thing before? I mean Mr Silverman and I were thinking about blue movies. Anonymously of course, but if you were interested, perhaps we can give you a role?'

'You were, were you?' said the extra.

'Well, yeah. I'm Mr Silverman's assistant. Anyway, tell me your name now.'

'Jake Hawkins.'

Lenny scribbled the name in his book.

'And where can I contact you Jake?'

'At the Sunday Mail's L A office.'

Lenny wrote 'At the Sunday Mail' and then looked up slowly as Hawkins climbed into his car and lit off for the gates. For a moment Lenny could have been out-talked by a Trappist monk and then he turned towards the studio door and began to wail an unearthly wail: 'Oh Mr Silverman! Mr Silverman! There's something I think you should know!'

DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH. LOW TO MIDDLE TAR.

MARIE

PHOTOGRAPHED by ROY BREWINGTON

Even to those non-geographers among us who think a Russian steppe is what the soldiers do in Moscow's Red Square on May Day it's clear that there is no obvious connection between the Rhondda Valley and the Central American republic of Nicaragua. Until, perhaps, with the welcome appearance between our pages of 35–23–36 inch Marie Rowlands. Twenty-three-year-old Marie boasts an ancestry that combines Celtic mystery with Latin-American

fire. 'It was a couple of generations ago,' she admits. 'These days I feel as Welsh as Max Boyce.' Born within hailing distance of Cardiff and with more than a smattering of the Welsh tongue, she works as a receptionist-cum-telephonist for a small Bristol firm. 'To be honest, the boss is a friend from Cardiff,' she explains. 'He wanted to open an English branch and asked me to help out. I'm really a general dogsbody, but it's a great deal of fun. I could never stay in a job which didn't allow me to enjoy myself.' It's a sense of fun that doesn't prevent her from being wholly serious when the mood strikes her. 'I'm a Libra, which is an air sign and I do like to feel spiritually uplifted from time to time. I don't mean I go to chapel every week! I like to go to concerts and good plays and films – I'm lucky Bristol is very good for that, as well as being so close to home. Even my favourite funny men are a bit arty.' They include the French comedian Jacques Tati and the American Woody Allen. 'Tati makes me laugh just to look at him; Woody Allen is

just incredibly vulnerable and cuddly, as well as being amazingly witty. I have the feeling he's the sort of person I could spend hours chatting and laughing with. Normally I need to have crowds of friends around to really enjoy myself.' Favourite pastimes include the odd gentle game of badminton and weekend visits to picturesque hotels. 'Not necessarily the dirty kind,' she grins. 'Usually about eight or ten of us get together and make a block booking somewhere where the food is good and you can relax.'

No hankering to see her old ancestral home? 'Funnily enough there is a Welsh connection with South America with the Welsh who emigrated to Patagonia, in the last century,' she says. 'But it doesn't really appeal to me; I think it's the size of the insects! Then again Bianca Jagger comes from Nicaragua so perhaps I shouldn't complain.'

Seven-thirty for Eight

continued from page 66

filthy story, paused and glanced up in surprise. 'What'd'yer say, old boy?'

'I said: Stand up!' repeated the Colonel.

'But what on earth for? I haven't finished my brandy and we aren't joining the women yet . . . Oh, very well!' as the Colonel again repeated his command. He rose with some difficulty to face his former CO. 'Well? What is it?'

Whereupon the Colonel smacked his face – hard – marched back to his chair, sat down and drained his glass, while the Major stood frozen in utter amazement and rubbed his cheek. 'And what the fucking hell was that for?' he asked slightly peeved.

'Don't you know?' asked the Colonel. 'The last time we were here two weeks ago, I walked into the boudoir and found you with your arms around my wife and you were kissing her. Well, I've been thinking – and I've decided that I don't like it.'

'But for Christ's sake,' spluttered the Major, 'all you said at the time was "Are you two at it again?" and stalked out of the room.'

'Yes, I know,' said the Colonel, 'but after thinking about it, I reached the conclusion that I should have slapped your face there and then. Coming here again today reminded me of it. So I did what I should have done two weeks ago. Don't you think I'm right, old boy?' he turned to me. I nodded, too flabbergasted to speak. 'Pass the brandy, will you?'

☆ ☆ ☆

The hostess, high on the social ladder but determined to inch higher still, had, after endless manoeuvring, succeeded in bagging a foreign Senior Royal Lady for dinner and bridge, of which Her Highness was a passionate afficionado. The host, given to imbibing freely with the best, had been bullied and browbeaten until, in one of his sober moments, he gave his word to be on his best behaviour. The guests had been carefully chosen; fourteen at dinner – one good and two bad bridge tables, one non-playing decorative female on the host's left to keep him happy during the meal, and one non-playing male (myself) to keep the non-playing female happy in the boudoir afterwards.

When the women had withdrawn, the port and brandy started circulating, the host feeding the decanters into the conveyor belt at an alarming rate. Having found two old cronies, he settled down happily to discuss his favourite topic and they were soon up to their necks in a splendid, alcohol-inspired argument, while the rest of us swopped dirty stories amid roars of laughter which gradually became louder

About twenty minutes later, the butler appeared and whispered into the host's ear. The host waved him away. 'Tell her we'll be out soon,' he ordered and continued: 'Now where was I? Oh yes . . .'

Ten minutes passed when the door opened slightly and the hostess poked her head through the crack. 'Freddie,' she said, 'Her Highness has finished her liqueur and we're waiting for you to start the game. Do hurry up, please.'

The host waved her away imperiously. 'Alright, alright! We won't be long now. I'm just telling old George about the time when . . .' Exit hostess, grumbling.

Around and around went the decanters. Time flew and we were really beginning to enjoy ourselves very audibly indeed, when the door flew open and in flounced the hostess, eyes flashing and absolutely livid with rage. There was an unearthly hush like the headmaster entering the dormitory during a pillowfight.

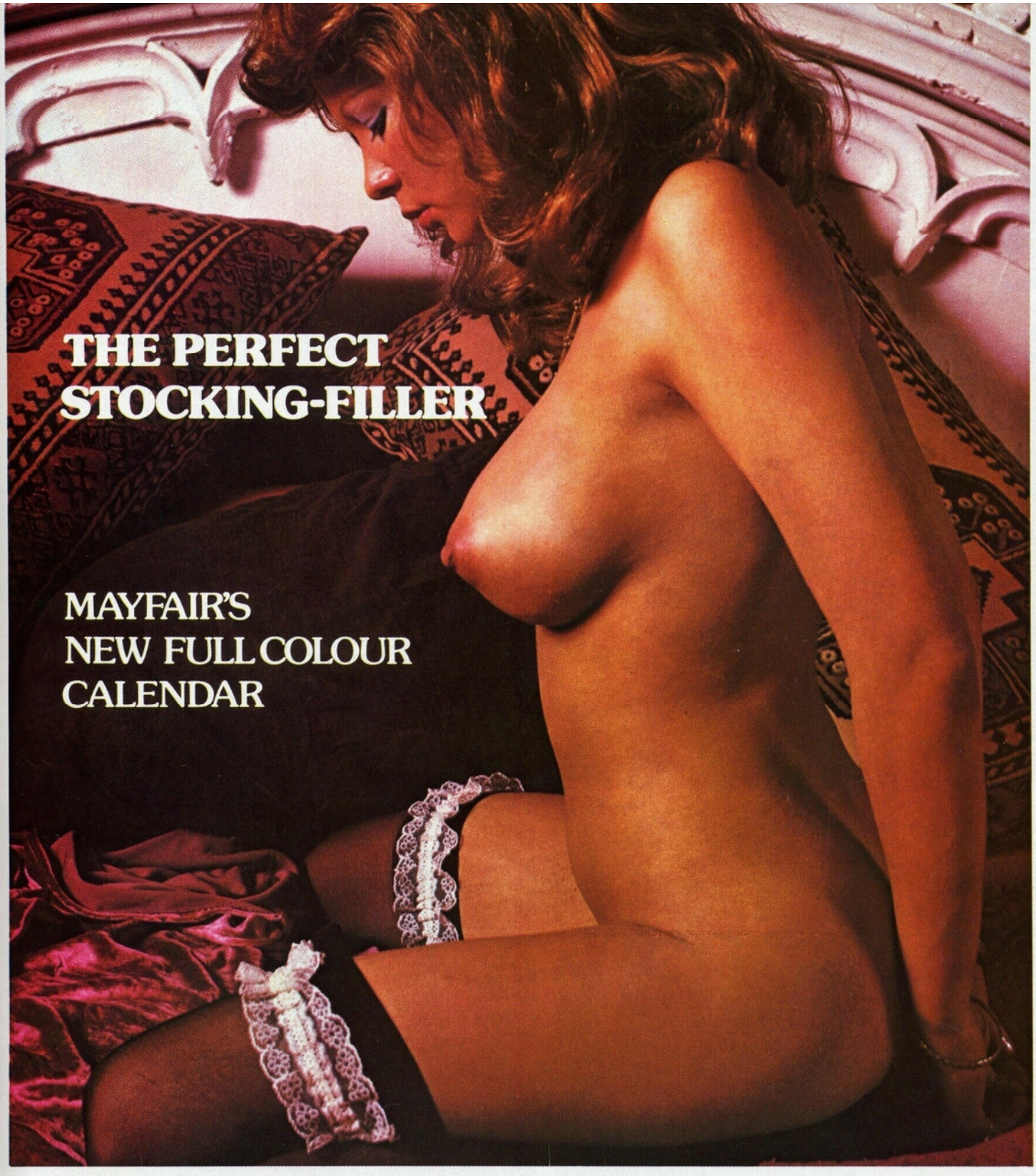
'Freddie,' the hostess barked, 'you are being absolutely impossible! You know Her Highness likes her game of bridge which is what she came here for and you've kept her waiting for an hour! You are placing me in an intolerable situation and I've never been so embarrassed in all my life . . .!'

The host regarded her with interest as if he were seeing her for the first time. He waited until she ran out of breath, then swivelled around on his chair.

'Now look, m'dear,' he said, focusing with some difficulty, 'I din't ask the old bag to thish house – you did. *I* don't want to play a bloody lousy game of bridge with her – you do. *I* don't want to be invited to her stinking foreign palace – you do. I've never been so bored during a meal in me life as I was tonight and I'm just beginning to enjoy meself with me friends. So *you* go and make up a game with the women to amuse the old cow, because I have news for you, m'gal – we're not coming, so sod off!'

The hostess gazed at her lord and master, slowly shaking her head in amazed disbelief, as if he had just crawled out from under a rock and was spreading a particularly obnoxious odour. Then she turned, swept from the room and slammed the door with a crash that rocked the foundations of the house.

For a fleeting moment I felt a touch of pity for the hostess. Then I remembered that she had chosen to spend her life creating potential disaster situations which backfired with monotonous regularity and that she could terminate her torment any time by ceasing to flagellate herself. Or by steering clear of those guests she hope to score social points from. So I thought to myself, what the hell and reached for the brandy.



Pointing the way to Christmas gift success is luscious Vanessa Harding (above) for what better present is there for the price than a *Mayfair* calendar? For just £1.55 (which incidentally includes first-class postage and flat, plain, crease-free packing) you get twelve sparkling full-colour pictures of some truly memorable *Mayfair* maidens which are guaranteed to keep you smiling all through 1978. So don't keep a good thing all to yourself. At only £1.55 each, you can afford to be generous. Just fill in the coupon letting us know how many calendars you want, and in next to no time they'll be on their way to you. Or, give us the names and addresses of the friends to whom you'd like calendars sent along with your cheque or postal order and we'll take care of the rest. Remember to print all names and addresses very clearly – it'll ensure your merriest Christmas.

Mayfair's 1978 colour calendars cost £1·55 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

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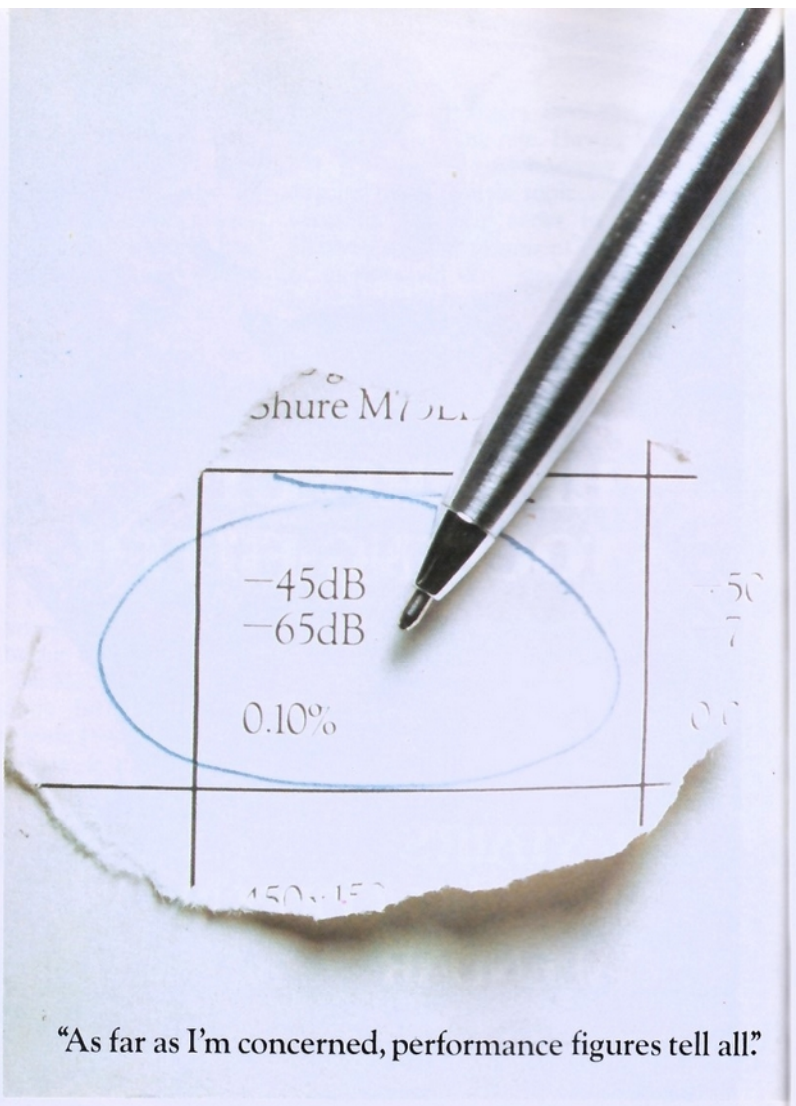
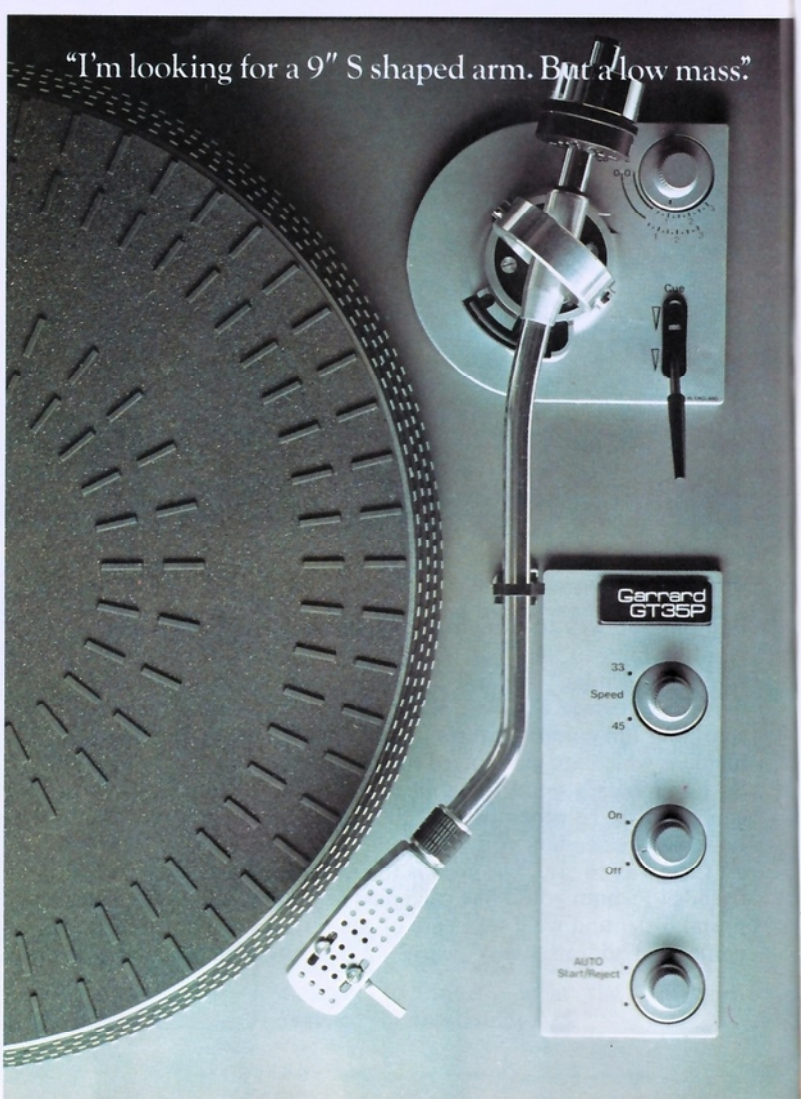
"I want smooth, rotary action controls. Not dust-traps."



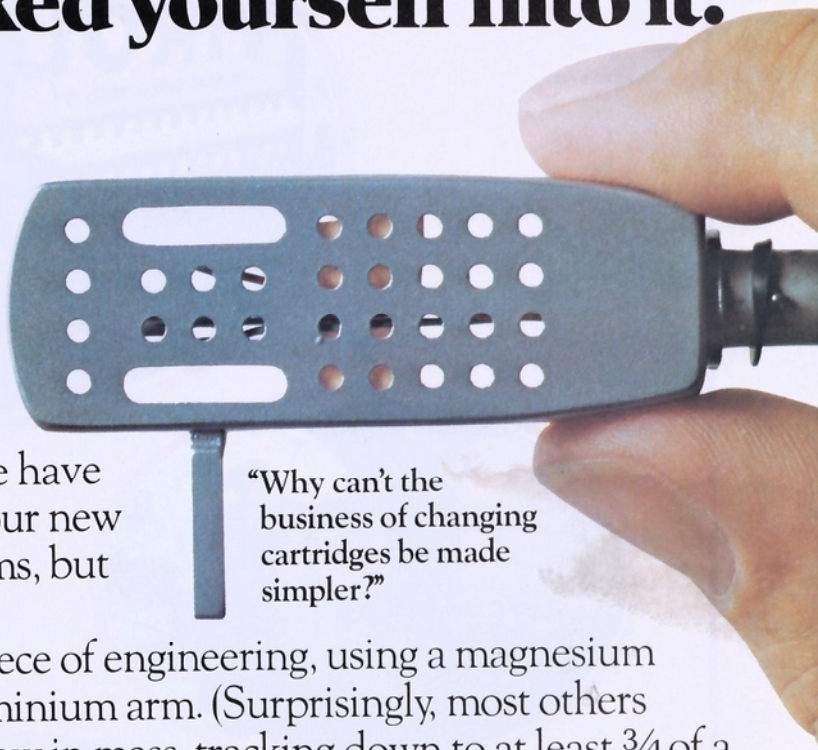
"As far as I'm concerned, performance figures tell all."

"Why can't decks be as up-to-date as amplifiers?"

"I'm looking for a 9" S shaped arm. But a low mass."



We won't try to talk you into our new GT35P. You've already talked yourself into it.



"Why can't the business of changing cartridges be made simpler?"

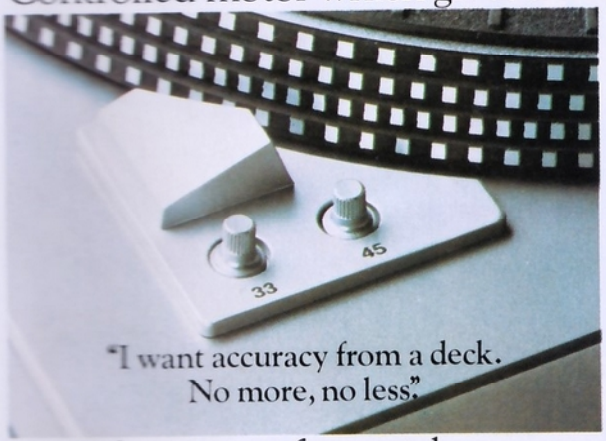
If you're nodding your head at some of the quotes, it wouldn't surprise us.

After all, for two years we've been talking to hi-fi buffs like you about turntables from A to Z.

We talked about arms. "Why can't we have longer S shaped arms?", many asked. On our new GT range, you'll find 9" long S shaped arms, but with remarkably low mass.

We achieved it by an outstanding piece of engineering, using a magnesium headshell linked to a highly polished aluminium arm. (Surprisingly, most others still use brass.) Although it's a 9" arm, it's low in mass, tracking down to at least ¾ of a gram. (So you can use high compliance cartridges with low tracking weight.)

We talked about rumble, wow and flutter. On our GT35P there's a DC Servo Controlled motor which gives a smoother drive and an excellent speed stability reducing wow and flutter to better than 0.1%.



"I want accuracy from a deck. No more, no less."

We talked about stroboscopes. "I want accuracy from a deck. No more, no less", somebody said. On the GT35P, there's an external stroboscope with a pulsed light emitting diode (LED) for needle sharp definition.

"Can you make the business of changing cartridges a lot simpler?" Certainly, our headshell is removable. So if your kids take over the system for a night or you want to play a worn out but favourite LP, you can swap cartridges without fuss or bother.

However, perhaps the most stunning feature of our GT35P we can't quote you on.

As with all our GT range you have the choice of cool metallic grey or teak wood finish base, blending with birch-grey acrylic.

If you'd like to know more about our GT range write to Garrard, Publicity Department M, Newcastle Street, Swindon, Wilts.

Garrard
A Plessey Company

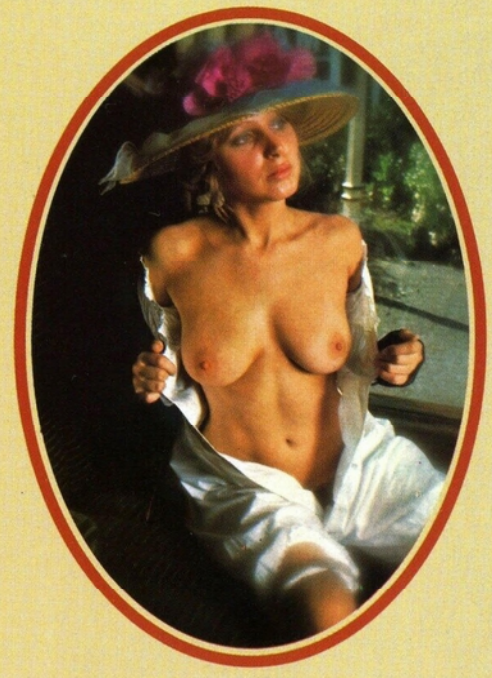
Miss Carstairs and her First Class Carriage

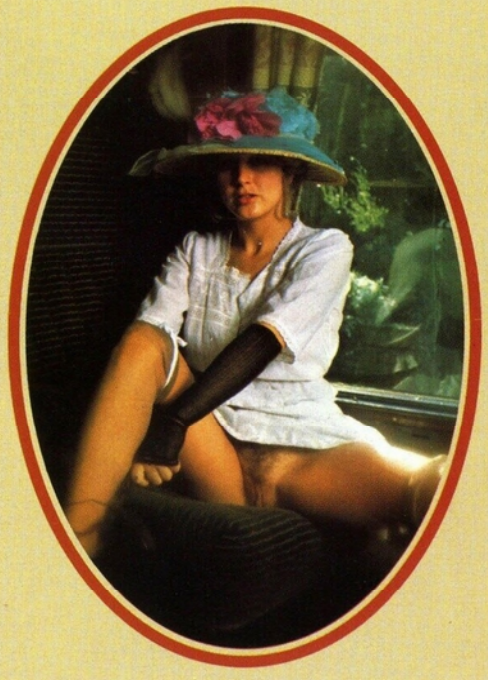
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON

An elegantly manicured fingernail runs down the column of figures in the copy of Cook's Continental Time-table. *'Aha,' thinks Miss Carstairs arriving at the relevant passage, 'here we are. The Keighley and Worth Valley Light Railway Company Limited. Trains arriving at Worth Valley at such-and-such; trains departing at such-and-such.' She consults the large station clock, 'Good,' she smiles to herself, 'I haven't long to wait.'*

Sure enough, the train soon pulls in and Miss Carstairs boards her first-class compartment. 'Goodness,' she remarks, opening the window, 'it is so warm in here.' Refreshment obviously seems the order of the day, but to Miss Carstairs' dismay, the carriage door at the end of the corridor resists her best efforts to open it. 'However,' thinks Miss Carstairs, who is nothing if not resourceful, 'I can turn this to my advantage.'

'If I am denied access to the rest of the train, then surely the rest of the train is also denied access to me.' She loosens the buttons of her blouse. 'I am, as it were, in the privacy of my own room and were I in reality there, I would remove some of my clothing so as to lessen the effects of this rather oppressive and stifling weather. Garments,' continues Miss Carstairs while disrobing, 'can at times be extremely tiresome.'





The rhythmic swaying motion of the train adds to Miss Carstairs' pleasure as one by one, her garments are discarded to fall softly onto the floor of the compartment. If the truth is to be told, a certain devilment has entered into her behaviour as she removes far more clothing than is either proper for a young lady of pleasing appearance, or indeed necessary to lessen the effects of the heat. One wonders to what lengths she will go.

Uncaring that her journey will soon be over, Miss Carstairs stands bare as a Greek statute, luxuriating in the sensuousness of her own nudity. A little smile plays over her full lips. As to her thoughts, we can only guess, but does her breath quicken slightly? Do her nipples tauten? A pleasurable warm tingle washes over her body making her shiver slightly. Is it time to dress again? Oh Miss Carstairs, if only more Victorian ladies were like you!

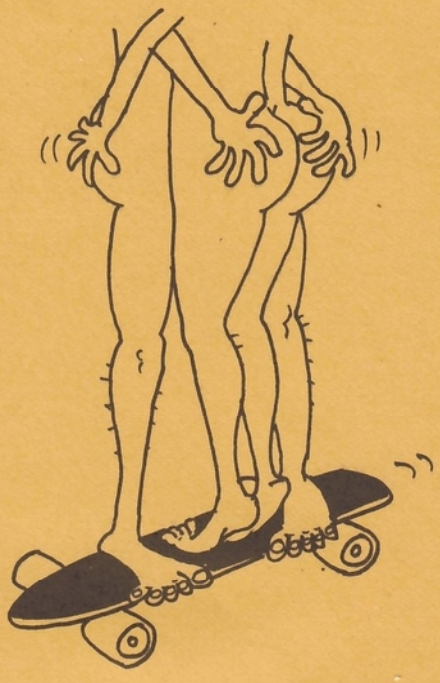
Löwenbräu. As seen in Mayfair.

Smooth and mellow Löwenbräu.
Brewed and bottled in Munich.

'I notice he's wearing knee and elbow pads.'

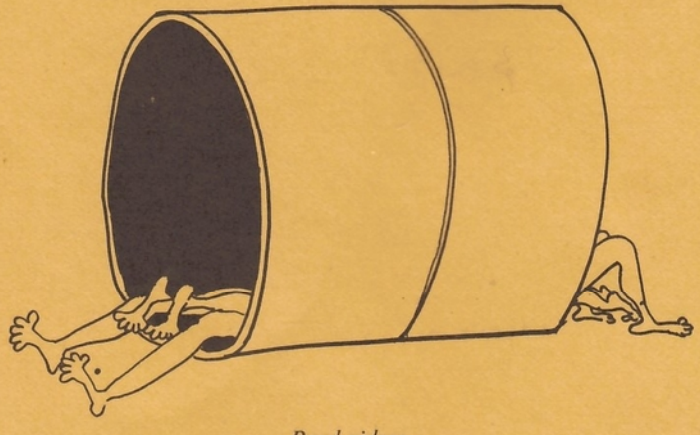
SKATE BAWDS

With today's highly-skilled skate boarders in mind, Peter Maddocks, himself an expert, puts his own meanings to some of the new sport's jargon terms

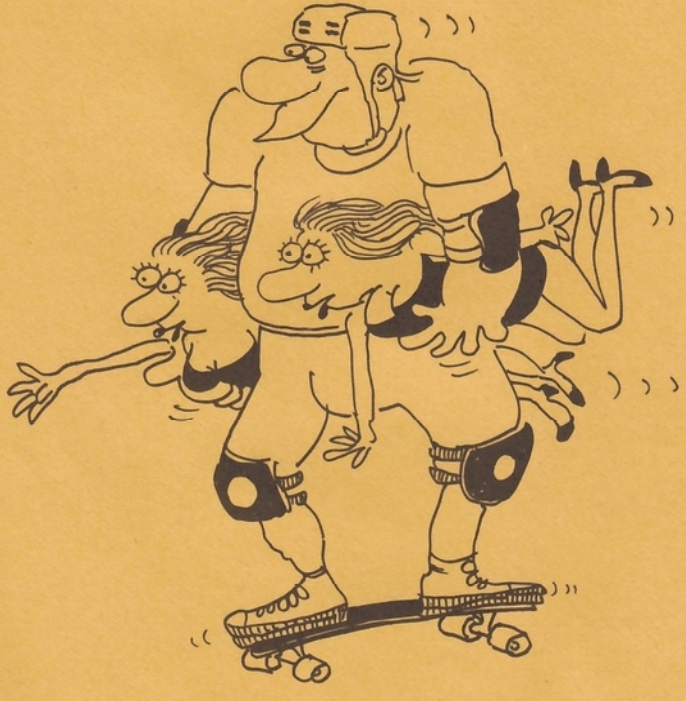


The goofy foot.

The tandem.



Bowl riders.

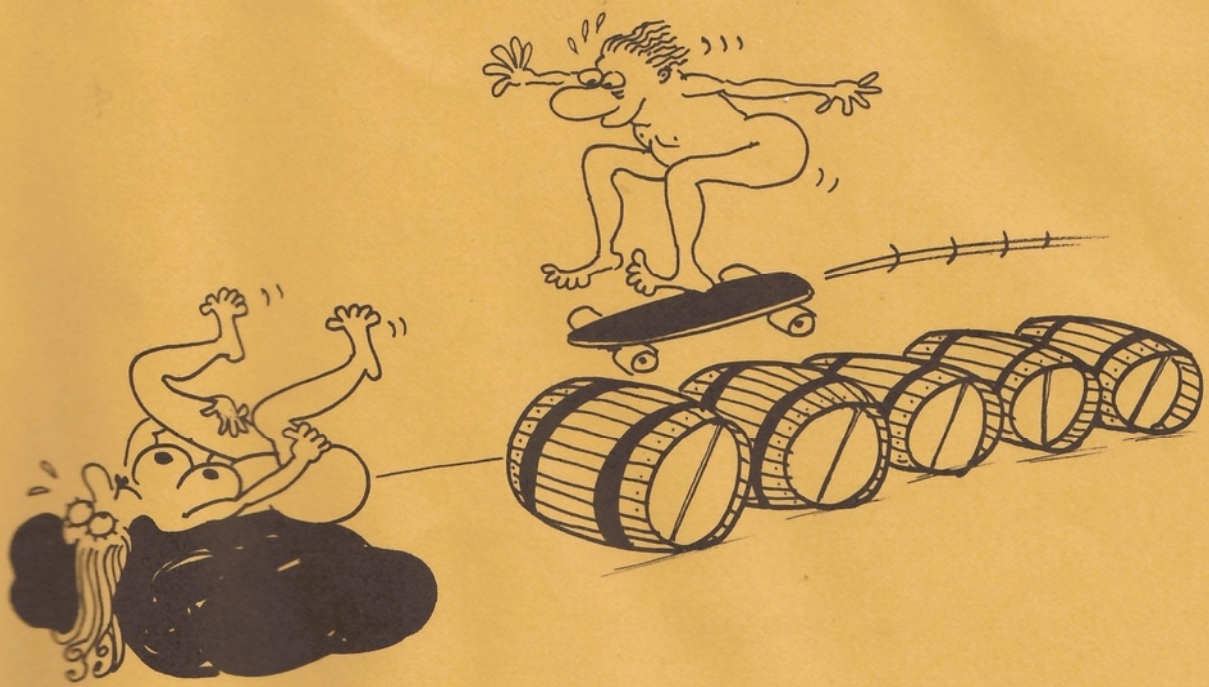


The gorilla grip.

An elbow stand.

Endovers . . .

The hang heels.



Always wear something protective and keep your nuts tight at all times.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Have you ever considered the possibility that elderly millionaires work harder than ever at making more and more money – because it's the finest alternative they have now that they can no longer achieve a hard-on?

Now that ain't funny. I mean, you can buy most things in the sex business. Even true happiness, if you know your way about the sheets. But a true, usable erection: I mean, either you get it or you don't, and if you don't then you're really as poor as the poorest man that was ever born without balls.

I'll give you an example:

I remember once quarrelling hard with a lady. Blonde, she was, with soft droopy breasts and a most responsive femininity indeed. Nonetheless, we quarrelled one night. I forget the cause now – another woman, I expect, probably my wife. Her eyes blazed, and three large vodkas and a bottle of wine didn't reduce the temperature one bit. Or, I should say, increase it either, because this blonde had eyes of blue that blazed sheer arctic at you when she was angry. Anyway, in the heat of the quarrel, I thought that was that, but imagine my surprise when she told me to come to bed on the grounds that she might as well use me for something, even if I didn't love her. Well, I'd never said I *did* love her. And the quarrel had left me very uncertain that I could *love* her in the sense she was demanding right then and there. However, with the ardour of youth, if not the eagerness of adultery, I obeyed. But consider this: if I'd been an elderly millionaire, I'd have been quarrelling with her to this day.

Romain Gary, who at 63 must by his own fictional reckoning be at or approaching a difficult age right now, delivers that impression all right. In his new novel **The Way Out** (Michael Joseph, £4.25) he tells of a rumbustious American millionaire, a real he-man as captains of industry go, who complains to an old friend:

'Women seem to be getting bigger all the time. Wider, if you like. Over the last four or five years I've noticed it. The first time was with a chick only eighteen, but already too big for my purposes. a distended vagina; perhaps it runs in her family . . . I hardly felt any contact.'

And then the millionaire confesses the sad, if not the grim truth: he's consulted a specialist and learned it's not the girls who're getting bigger – it's he who's getting smaller: 'It seems I've lost two centimetres at least in one year.'

Being a millionaire, he has a real problem, one that we lesser mortals don't fear: he's worried that if some dame he's paying a nice fat sum for discovers his problem, she'll gossip about it all over Wall Street and the City and the next thing will be, the stock exchanges of the world will be laughing at him because he can't get a hard-on.

Now as a millionaire he still has other compensations: namely all those other dames who love him for that loot so much, they're ever ready to blame the lack on themselves. However, his listening friend does try a little advice: 'Have you ever tried love?'

The millionaire is almost amused: 'With what?' he demands. 'You've heard the story of the conscript taking his medical – when the doctor said to him, "Let's see your genital organ,' the jerk opens his mouth, sticks out his tongue and says "Aaaahhh".'

However, older men do have their compensations also. The listening friend (who is also narrator of Gary's novel) tells how his worst problems are athletic ones – not sexual at all: 'I once had a lover who needed to be caressed by hand during penetration and beyond, in consequence of I do not know what false starts in life. With my arm extended in a way that lessened the force of my presence inside her, she also asked to have her nipples pinched continually, even while her wild excitement obliged me to keep one arm around her so that she would not throw me. The purely muscular efforts required so diminished my power of concentration and the flow of sensory excitement that, when the end finally came, my greatest satisfaction was in being able to breathe easily again.'

On the other hand, he recalls, that being on the downgrade, so to speak, can also have its advantages. There was the woman who said in delight – 'I had "successfully" lasted long enough for her, only because I never came' – that she was simply good for nothing with those hot and impatient young men. Praise indeed for a working member of the old guard! It was the same patient talent that moved another young woman to confide to her husband (who later unwittingly confided it to the narrator himself) that he was a gentleman to his fingertips! What tips, mon vieux, and what fingers!

However, it does always make a difference, the instrument you're playing on. Our hero does fall in love with a younger woman. And for all that, cannot maintain the extent and amount of ardour he feels in his heart of hearts for her. So he's particularly sensitive when she proposes a gastronomic tour of France. 'What do you mean by that'! he asks angrily, suspecting an ulterior dig at him because of his lack of ulterior digs at her. In a trice, a quarrel! It gets so bad, she locks him out of their car. Now there's a predicament. Remember, the girl has locked all the doors, wound up all the windows, and is weeping. And it's pouring with rain.

'I covered the window with kisses. I was soaked through . . . I took off my hat, my raincoat, my jacket, my shirt, my tie. When I began to take off my pants, there was in her eye a gleam of interest, even esteem. When I had divested myself of my shoes, shorts, socks, and stood there in the rain quite naked, she appeared favourably impressed and even reassured.'

Naturally, as in all true love stories, the girl wound down the window, the lovers are reconciled, and drive on. He remains entirely naked, however, despite her appeals to him to put his clothes on, as a last precautionary reminder and demonstration to the lady that he really is madly in love!

One of the many gags – written and visual – from the Pythonesque, *'The Morecambe and Wise Special' (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.25) In this spoof of the Last Supper, it's contrived for the reader to see what the artist missed in the scene he was capturing. Packed with funnies, a must for M&W fans.*

The Mayfair Book Society

THE PILLOW BOOK

For many hundreds of years 'pillow books' have been an important feature of Far Eastern erotica, used to arouse and delight lovers in the scented privacy of the bedchamber. Now however, there is a European edition, culled from the cream of British and Continental erotica both modern and not so modern, containing over three hundred stirring – and sexy – 'naughty pictures' which you can be sure will add a new and exciting dimension to your sex-life. Both bawdily humorous and sensually stimulating, this book provides nothing but pure unadulterated pleasure.

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Ancient China's answer to the *Kama Sutra* and the *Perfumed Garden,* this book reveals the thousand-year-old Oriental techniques of sexual fulfilment. Accompanied by many erotic illustrations, the text deals with all the many aspects of intercourse, the conquest of impotence, sex between young women and older men and reveals the many facets of erotic kissing. A powerful and provocative work.

Price £3.80

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Our best-selling title of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the impact this book has made on their lives. In 42 full-page photographs, a man and a woman demonstrate love-making positions and show how differing movements can increase orgasmic pleasure and lead to a richer, more exciting sex-life.

Price £3.90

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Despite its title, this witty and understanding book has proved of equal value to both men and women. Now women can discover how to get the sexual best from their men, whilst the latter may gain a better understanding of female sexual response and sexual drives. Recommended for liberated couples intent on improving and enlarging their sex lives.

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LIVING IS LOVING

Another explicit work from the pens of Inge and Sten Hegeler, the famous Danish sexologists already world-renowned for their books *ABZ of Love* and *XYZ of Love*. Aided by totally revealing illustrations the Hegelers put forward their message of tolerance, permissiveness and mutual respect in sexual relationships.

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Over one hundred sensuous pictures, many in full colour, show all the passion and excitement of acts of love. Even fringe areas of sex like threesomes and wife-swapping are discussed in intimate detail in this most explicit and complete of sex guides.

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THE SUCCESS FACTOR

Are you the kind of person you want to be? This astonishing book shows you just how you can become the person you always wanted to be using the scientifically-based procedures of behavioural psychology.

Price £4.80

PASSPORT TO SOHO

We're constantly being asked by both out-of-town and London-based readers for our recommendations of where to go in Soho. All of our favourite haunts, plus a great many others, are incorporated in this handy little passport-size guide to the capital's most intriguing and absorbing square mile. Pubs, strip clubs, massage parlours, restaurants, casinos, detailed street maps, plus a welter of other information in this invaluable little book, will bring you a knowledge of Soho that many have taken a lifetime to acquire.

Price £1.10

To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me the books I have ticked.

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The Tao of Love and Sex £3.80	☐	More Joy of Sex £7.45	☐
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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

One day in the mid-sixties, I happened to be walking down the Haymarket in London when I spotted the Animals walking towards me. (Need I remind you that the Animals were one of the top sixties' bands?). Coincidentally, I had just bought their latest single *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood,* so I just had to have it autographed. I went up to lead guitarist Hilton Valentine: 'Could I have your autograph, Hilton?' I asked, and was rewarded with a sour look. Not surprising really as I was in fact talking to organist Alan Price. All this personal reminiscence gets round to the fact that after some ten years of going their own separate ways, the Animals have temporarily reformed and released **Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted** (Barn 2314104), an album that features Messrs Burdon, Price, Valentine, Steel and Chandler in excellent laid-back form. The album was recorded in Chas Chandler's front room and a good time was very obviously had by all. If you like R'n'B laced with blues with a bit of nostalgia added, put this disc top of your list.

I'm always wary of compilation albums purporting to be the 'Best of . . .' as they never seem to live up to expectations. However, **Golden Soul** (Atlantic K50332) is blissfully free of any such criticisms. Of course it helps that virtually every major soul artist seems to have recorded for Atlantic at some time or other and this is witnessed by tracks of the calibre of Otis Redding's *Dock of the Bay;* Wilson Pickett's *Midnight Hour;* Ray Charles' *What'd I Say?* and for my money the best disco record ever made – Sam and Dave's *Hold On, I'm Coming*. Other artistes featured include Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, Joe Tex and Percy Sledge. It's inevitable that like me, you'll already have many of these records in your collection, but I'd suggest that the convenience of having them all grouped together overrides any other consideration. By the way, when you buy this record you'll be helping a very good cause, as the net profits from its sale are being donated to the United Nations High Commission for Refugees.

Continuing on the soul front, we arrive at **Love For Sale** (Atlantic K50385) by Boney M and **Benny And Us** (Atlantic K50384) recorded by the Average White Band with the legendary Ben E King. Disco freaks will need no reminding that earlier in the year, Boney M's *Daddy Cool* and *Ma Baker* were just about the two most danced-to records in the country, and despite cynical doubts as to the band's real ability to perform live, the fact remains that on record, Boney M's four black members are just about the hottest musical property in Europe right now. *Love For Sale* features *Ma Baker,* but for me, the title track carries away the honours. Overall, a great record to get your seasonal rave-ups off the ground. As for *Benny And Us,* I can only praise the inspired teaming of the AWB and Ben E King. Despite their name, the AWB are anything but average and fronted by King, the result is soul at it's most successful and sophisticated. From soul now to down-home, chicken-pluckin', finger-lickin' country boy Ry Cooder, and his new album **Show Time** (Warner K56386). A live album which is OK as far as live albums go, it provides a vehicle for Cooder's remarkable slide guitar virtuousity. I particularly liked *How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Hard Times And Live?* a whimsical little opus that could surely be an anthem of the times. Such artistes as the Stones, Taj Mahal and Captain Beefheart have utilised Cooder's unique talents on their own recordings, and it would take a braver man than I to disagree with their professional assessment. Earlier this year, I reviewed an album by the Captain and Tennille called *Come In From The Rain*. The title track was written by a lady with the tongue-twisting name of Carole Bayer Sager, and now she has an album out called simply **Carole Bayer Sager** (Elektra K452059) on which, surprise surprise, is this very song. Ms Sager is primarily a song writer with more blue chip credits to her name than I have space to mention here, but as regards her vocal ability, well, that's something you'll have to judge for yourself, as I must admit, it's not quite for me. Pleasant enough it's true, but otherwise unremarkable.

Still, it's not easy to be unkind about someone who wrote the latest James Bond theme song, so perhaps that success will convince Ms Sager that it's in writing rather than performing that her forte lies. A voice that only a fool would criticise however is that of the superb Judy Collins whose double album **So Early In The Spring – The First 15 Years** (Elektra Double K620 19) is a chronicle of her work to date. There are 24 tracks in all; each honed and polished to perfection including one of my own personal favourites and perhaps her biggest hit ever, *Both Sides Now*. My one regret is that another personal favourite of mine, Ms Collins' cover of Leonard Cohen's *That's No Way To Say Goodbye,* isn't included. My disappointment was lessened though on listening to the haunting *Send In The Clowns,* (which, even though it's probably been recorded by more artistes over the past few years than any other song, still manages to sound fresh and new when sung by Ms Collins), and Jacques Brel's *Marieke*. One factor of Judy Collins' work that has struck me – and perhaps you too – is that even when covering someone else's songs, she still manages, by interpretation, phrasing, or what have you, to make the number curiously individual – a quality which must surely stamp her as a singer of the highest calibre.

'Oh, my God – no, Horatio!'

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

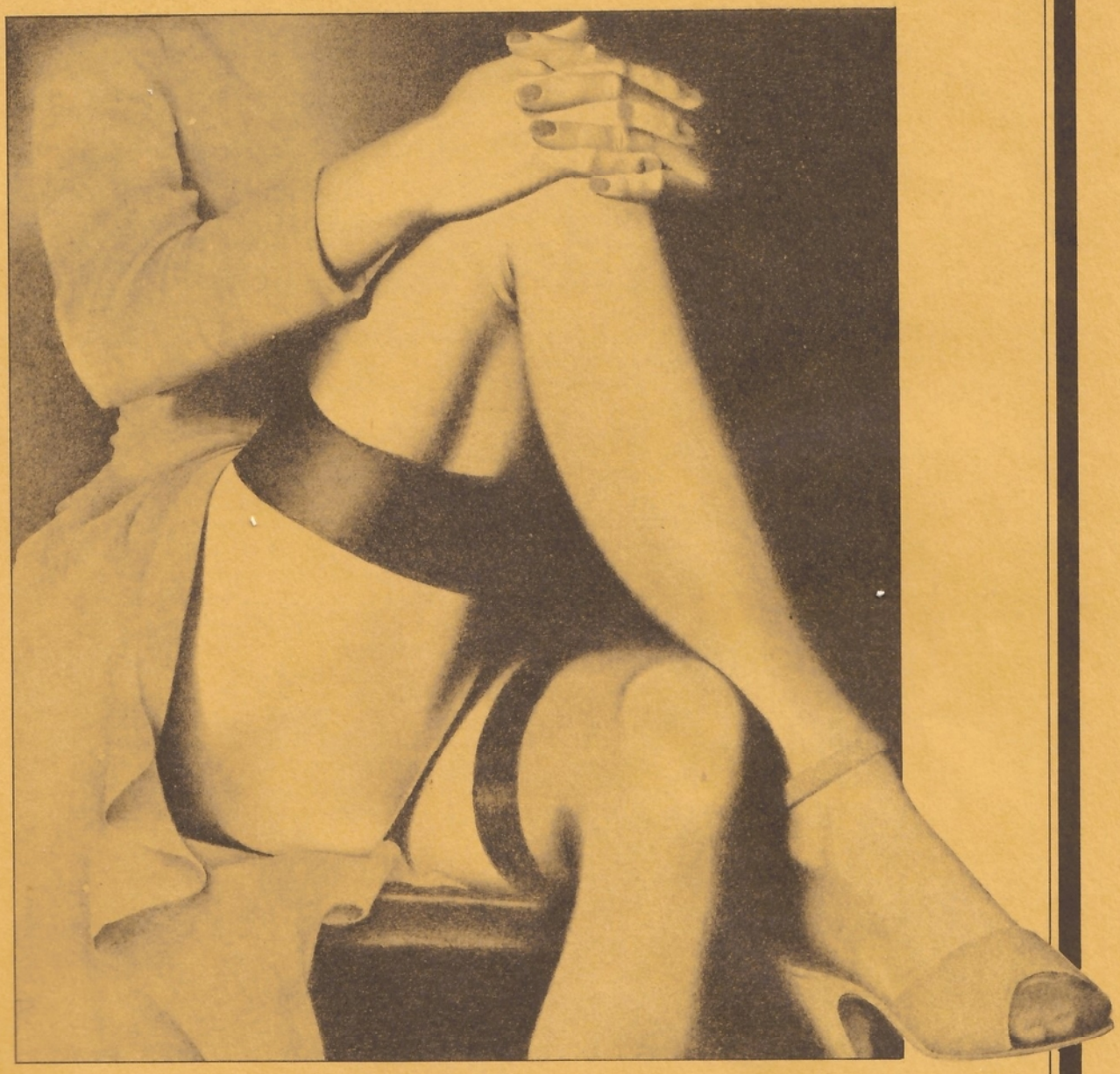
The challenge of gaining admission to a private-membership club is perennial, and today we are going to tell you the dodges you can employ. The most effective way is to ask if you can go into the premises and find a friend who is a member and who would then sign you in as his guest. This may work, but if the reception manager is very efficient it won't. In that case, this dodge will. Tell him you urgently need to use the cloakrooms, looking rather green if you can, and rather than see the reception area carpet ruined he will immediately have you shown to the club's men's room. Go in, run a comb through your hair, and then walk out and see the first waiter and order from him a bottle of Champagne and just as soon as he has opened it you calmly say: 'By the way, my party is in Reception.' The reception manager is now faced with a nasty situation of having to refuse admission to a good customer and having a bottle of Champagne opened and unsaleable, so you normally win.

If you are a belt and braces man, and need the added security of knowing that you will definitely be admitted to a club in every town, then there is the **Clubman's Club.** Still going after twelve years, it gives a ninety nine per cent chance of admission (clubs can refuse you if you are drunk, incorrectly dressed, or if they don't like the look of your guests) to 380 very mixed clubs located all over Great Britain, for the payment of one annual subscription of £8.50. Actually, it will not make you a member of Annabel's or any very exclusive clubs, but you do gain admission to a wide range of cabaret, jazz, disco and dining clubs, which should satisfy most people's needs. The important point is that you will be let in through the door in a bona fide manner, and in many cases once inside you do get discounts. Actually this discount service also extends to race courses and some theatres.

Members of the Clubman's Club are issued with a plastic membership card and a comprehensive guide booklet which indicates the addresses and locations of the clubs to which you would be a legitimate full member. For the past five years, the business has been owned by the Grand Metropolitan Hotels Group and recently Clubman changed hands and is now under private ownership.

We heard this month of a most remarkable restaurant for serious wine drinkers and fun-lovers, with the unlikely name of **Tiddy Dols Eating House** in Hertford Street, Mayfair (Tel: 01-499 2357/8). The owner, John Campbell, institutes a most advantageous pricing system of his better wines which is very much to your advantage: for instance, he does not charge the usual one hundred per cent mark-up which nearly every other restaurant in London adds to the cost of a bottle of wine, but instead adds £3 to the cost price of the wines he buys, thereby keeping his wines within the price range of the normal wine drinker. There is an *Aloxe Corton Premier Cru* 1972 at £5.70, a 1967 *Chateau Gruaud Larose* at £6.75, and even Dom Perignon 1970 Champagne at £13.35.

Having said this, one must point out to the devoted wine drinker that *Tiddy Dols* is in fact also a restaurant specialising in non-stop entertainment, providing dancing and acts till 3 am, varying from Elizabethan minstrels to strolling guitar players. The decor is based on the Elizabethan era and there is a music room, a party bar where they serve wassail bowls of steaming hot punch, and a mixture of six dining-rooms and ten large and small alcoves hidden away under the pavements where you can quietly conduct your own party at your own pace. What will it cost? A meal of kipper mousse, followed by jugged hare and Stilton cheese, with unlimited free coffee, would set you back about £7 per head for the food, including an 85p cover charge for the dancing and entertainment.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

Traditionally guile in sexual matters is frowned upon: the mark of the male wolf preying on innocent victims. In reality a degree of surreptitiousness can add hugely to the enjoyment of sex. This month Quest looks at the way one or both partners can manoeuvre themselves into a situation that makes sex likely.

INTRODUCTION

Even in today's permissive climate very few affairs begin with a direct request for sex, instantly met. Much of the pleasure of love making—for either partner—lies in the kind of sexual gameplaying that eventually leads to a situation where intercourse is not only possible but probable. This provides the woman with the 'excuse factor' she might need to indulge in sex, and also acts as a form of test of the man's ingenuity and the genuineness of his desires. In the first interview a girl agrees to a full massage from a qualified boyfriend, eventually involving total nudity for them both, knowing full well that intercourse is likely to be the outcome. In the second a mock medical examination provides a woman with an excuse to strip, with the added piquancy of her male partner's unwitting wife being closeby. In the third interview the delights found in imminent discovery while engaged in sex are further explored, and we see the reverse side of the coin: when a situation designed solely to be friendly is interpreted in another sense and results in sex.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Hairdresser, 23 years old, blonde, town of origin Derby**

This interviewee had worked in a variety of shop assistant jobs before taking up her present profession. At the time of the interview she lived at home.

Quest: To be honest when I first suggested you do this interview I thought you were quite likely to back out of it. Do you think you're reticent about sex normally?

Hairdresser: No, not at all. I've no objection to sex, if it's someone I care for; or talking about it, as long as the person I'm talking to takes it seriously.

Quest: You think sex is a serious business?

Hairdresser: Of course. Otherwise you'd be doing it with anyone, wouldn't you?

Quest: Are you really that anxious for sex?

Hairdresser: No! It's different for a woman. If some fellow you fancy takes you out and wants a bit straightaway, it'd be too easy to let him, just because you're afraid you won't see him again. It's not like it is for a bloke, is it? He's got to be madly passionate just to get himself going. All I have to do is lie there.

Quest: What if you want him as much?

Hairdresser: I never said I wouldn't want him – it's nice enough to get the chance to climb into bed with someone; but he might push off as soon as he'd finished.

Quest: But you do admire men who've persuaded you to have sex before you'd intended them to?

Hairdresser: Every girl likes a bloke to show some initiative. At least it shows he thinks you're worth some effort.

Quest: But the thought of having sex secretly like that appeals to you?

Hairdresser: Certainly it can be fun with someone you know well. My ex-fiancé used to be terrible. He used to grope me at the salon, when I was doing his hair. That's asking to lose an ear.

Quest: How far did he actually touch you?

Hairdresser: Quite a way the first time. I'd already been out with him but we hadn't slept together, only petted fairly heavily. I offered to style his hair for a discount – mainly because I couldn't stand it the way it was! I was blow drying it and I felt this movement in the front of my nylon overall. I thought for a minute I'd lent on the chair armrest, until I realised it was moving against me, not the other way round; and I pulled back and found my fiance's hand poking out from under his sheet. Cheeky devil. There were chairs on either side of us, and mirrors all over the place. It could have been extremely awkward for me.

Quest: To be seen being groped, or to become excited?

Hairdresser: I don't think it matters.

Quest: But weren't you rather underhand about having sex with your present boyfriend?

Hairdresser: No, you're being unfair. Roger was married when I first met him – though he was on the point of leaving his wife; it was a very difficult situation for me, because we were both very strongly attracted to each other, and I didn't want to be a marriage-breaker if there was any hope of them getting together again.

Quest: Presumably you went out with him?

Hairdresser: Mainly at lunchtimes, not very often in the evenings. I met him at the salon, in fact; he was coming in once a week eventually. Then his wife did walk out and immediately started to sue him for divorce; it was a very bad time for both of us. He was away a lot on business and trying to sell his house at the same time. I hardly saw him at all. And suddenly it all cleared up; he'd got himself a small terrace house, the divorce was going smoothly, and he wanted to see me. So I went down to his house one Saturday in the summer.

Quest: Prepared to stay overnight?

Hairdresser: I had a toothbrush, but I was prepared for anything. We hadn't seen each other for over a month, and I knew I couldn't hold back from him any more – I didn't want to. But he was still unknown to me. I'm not explaining it very well. I knew we would be alright together, but I wasn't sure.

Quest: So what happened?

Hairdresser: It was marvellous. I got there in the morning and made lunch. The house was practically empty – there wasn't even a bed. Roger looked better than he had in a long time. There was a lovely sort of quivery feeling between us – we couldn't stop giggling, as if we both knew anything could happen at any minute and waiting for it would only make it even better.

Quest: Did you wait?

Hairdresser: Roger had this tiny garden with a patio and he suggested we sunbathe. He made me get changed in the bathroom while he slipped into his trunks downstairs; I thought that was nice.

Quest: Why?

Hairdresser: Because it made it seem naughtier. I only had my bra and pants with me.

Quest: Go on.

Hairdresser: We stretched out on li-los on the crazy paving in the patio. It was a fantastic sun trap with really high walls on either side; you couldn't be overlooked at all.

Quest: Did you make love?

Hairdresser: It sounds mad but it was so warm and beautiful and I felt so good I started to drowse; we weren't talking very much at all.

Quest: How were you lying?

Hairdresser: On my back first, then on my tummy. That was when Roger started to massage me.

Quest: With sun tan lotion?

Hairdresser: He did have some oil with him but it was a proper massage. He's had training – he used to be a physiotherapist at one point; now he runs an agency for them. He'd massaged me before when I'd been feeling tense or had a bad headache, though I'd always had my clothes on then. He has marvellous fingers; a very gentle touch, but really firm and hard when he has to be.

Quest: How did he massage you then?

Hairdresser: Very slowly and lazily – it was a really gorgeous feeling.

Quest: Presumably your bra and panties were still in the way.

Hairdresser: He went round them, at least to start with. He started to pretend I was his client, saying things like, 'I'm sure madam will enjoy this,' and then kneading right down my back bone and making me shiver. It was beautiful. He was lying almost beside me so that his knees just touched my legs, but when he massaged my shoulder blades he would stretch himself right across me, almost lying on me.

Quest: Were you aware that he was getting excited?

Hairdresser: I felt little twinges when he leaned across; he pushed right into my bottom then. Then he said, 'I don't think madam wants to make her strap all greasy,' and he unclipped my bra strap, and started smoothing oil all over my back. I began to feel terribly quivery, but I didn't dare move. Then he was pushing his fists into the pit of my back, making me wince a little, and suddenly he tcched and said, 'Oh, I'm so sorry, madam; the oil has stained your panties. But don't worry; we can have them cleaned and ready for you in a moment.' And he began to ease them over my bottom. Now it was my turn to make a tcching noise, but he said, 'No need for alarm, please, madam – this establishment is above reproach.' So I let him pull them right off, and he began massaging again, except all the way down my back and squeezing the cheeks of my bottom and letting his fingers just flick along the inside of my thighs, and I could feel my heart start to pump and pump, and the wetness really grow between my legs, and it was an effort of will not to turn over and grab him! But it was still so gorgeous and teasing for both of us just to lie there and pretend; until he leaned right across me again and said, 'Most of our clients enjoy the sensitive

contact of this stroke, madam' and I suddenly realised I could feel his thighs pressing into my bottom, absolutely bare, and his erection was pressing into the edge of my thigh. It took my breath away. I'd touched him there before but I'd never actually seen him and the thought of him practically on top of me, naked, was mind-blasting. Then he shifted and his cock was lying along the crease of my bottom and he was astride me and still kneading and kneading away at my back, and I just moaned – it was too much – and tried to twist round; but he said, 'Oh I see madam requires the full body massage – I see she is a true aficianado.' And then he let me turn and there was this incredible sensual smile on his face that practically made my bones melt and I wanted him so much. But he still sat astride me, digging his fingers into my shoulders – and I couldn't stop my eyes flicking down at his thing sticking up in front of him. And he said, 'Madam is pleased?' and slowly brought his hands down round my breasts and then onto them and squeezing and moulding them like dough – my nipples just ached – I thought I was going to die; I could feel little sparks jumping in my tummy – it was impossible to stop twitching and jerking my thighs; I was so damp. And I said, 'Roger – please – ' I wanted to tell him to stop playing, but I just didn't have the will to stop him doing anything. And his hands moved down onto my waist and my hips and his fingers played about my stiff hair, and my hand reached down just to feel him, but very gently he pushed it back and said, 'Ah, madam should have said – the internal massage – that is very popular – ' And he began to ease my legs apart, so gradually I almost wept and clutched at his thighs, until he was lying between my legs and his cock pressed hard against my opening and I was practically begging him, 'Please, please don't tease – ' And then he leaned forward and pushed into me, easily and gently, but it seemed to take the top of my head off, and then further and further while I just chewed my lips and gasped and tried to hold him and wept all at the same time; and the rotten sod still said, 'I told you the internal massage always provided the maximum satisfaction.' And then we were both moving together and every movement seemed to set off lights in my head, and he seemed to be bursting into me with incredible gorgeous force. And he gave this enormous grunt and I felt him jerk and jerk and tried to hug him to me, but my own orgasm caught up with me and I faded away completely.

Quest: Do you still enjoy these kind of massages together?

Hairdresser: Roger still gives me a massage when I feel like it. Sometimes it gets a bit more involved, sometimes it doesn't; that's half the fun of it. But it's still a nice, sexy thing to do.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Midwife, 33 years old, brunette, town of origin, Manchester**

This interviewee left school after obtaining six O-levels. For a time she was undecided about her career and worked for a short time as an office junior before deciding to pursue a career in nursing.

Quest: Are you the type of girl who goes in for clandestine affairs?

Midwife: No, I wouldn't say that. I've never had two boys at once – and I don't mean that literally, I mean that I've never cheated on my boyfriend-of-the-time.

Quest: Have you ever had surreptitious sex as distinct from sneaky sex?

Midwife: I suppose that by sneaky sex you mean deceitful sex. I suppose in a way that relationships with married men are deceitful – at least to the wife, if not the parties actually involved. It's funny that, I've never ever thought about it as being deceitful before.

Quest: What of surreptitious sex then?

Midwife: I've never had it off on the back seat of a car with a married man while his wife sat unawares in the front seat. But one time it was pretty close to that. The only other time was when I was eighteen and had just left school and was working in an office as a junior.

Quest: Tell me about that time.

Midwife: It's so embarrassing now.

Quest: Please.

Midwife: I wasn't a virgin or anything. I'd had sex regularly with boys since I was about sixteen. Some of it was good, some bad. But I can remember now that I was very impressionable at that age. The firm I worked for was quite small and there were four or five boys in the office, one of whom was very good looking. He wasn't a boy really – he must have been twenty six or seven I'd have imagined – but he looked quite young and very cute. The other girls in the office told me he had a reputation – you know how girls talk. He was married but it was common knowledge that he had loads of women. I pity his poor wife. He used to get a constant stream of phone calls from these girls he knew. Heaven knows why but the rest of the girls used to think also that he wasn't very happy being married. Maybe they fancied him too and had to justify it somehow.

Quest: Did he play to their interest?

Midwife: Not really, no. He seemed totally uninterested until you got a few drinks into him.

Quest: And then what happened?

Midwife: What didn't. Roving hands. You know what I mean?

Quest: Not in front of people?

Midwife: Good gracious, no. He'd get you alone somewhere and go to work. At least that's what the other girls warned me.

Quest: Did they have any justification for thinking that?

Midwife: Evidently he'd tried it on one of the girls who was leaving. They'd all gone down to the pub after work on the Wednesday – she was leaving on the Friday – for a farewell drink and gradually people had drifted away until there was only John, Liz, the girl who was leaving, and Janet, she's sort of the boss, left.

Quest: And John left with Liz.

Midwife: Yes. And Janet told everyone at work the next morning. It wasn't helped by the fact that Liz came to work the next morning in the same clothes. This is what I was told; I wasn't there at the time, mind you. I suppose they'd gone to a friend's house or flat or even a hotel room. Anyway the story was that John's wife was furious and kept calling throughout the day, demanding to know why he hadn't come home. How much of it was true, I don't know.

Quest: But you had an opportunity to experience John at work for yourself.

Midwife: I should say so.

Quest: Go on.

Midwife: It was after an office party. Christmas, I think it was and we'd been drinking wine. It was all good fun and as I'd only been there for a few months I felt a bit out of it. John was about the only person to talk to me. The party went on a bit and we became slightly tiddly and then everyone started to drift off. It was Christmas Eve and people had to catch trains and things so we'd packed it in early about two o'clock, and had started the drinky-poos. I thought it would be boring, but it wasn't. It was fun. As it turned out – as it had to turn out – John and I were the last left. So we had some time to kill and just sat around, polishing off the booze and chatting. It was the chatting which did it.

Quest: What do you mean?

Midwife: It was randy. At least it developed that way. You know, randy talk. He asked me when I'd first had it, things like that. It had started out with a silly throw-away line like 'I don't get it'. I just didn't hear what he'd said. And of course he said something like 'and you're such a pretty girl too, what a pity. We'll see if we can solve the problem.'

Quest: And it led to sex?

Midwife: Not just like that. The conversation got very randy as I said; and one minute we were sitting down and the next – heaven knows why – we were kissing. It was the old roving hands thing. He was very good at kissing, deep French kissing. And all of a sudden I felt all tingly and warm. And under those circumstances you forget that he's married, know what I mean? It's as though it's no longer important. And those hands. First of all they were grasping me tightly as his tongue was exploring my mouth and then he pulled away and his hands strayed onto my breasts and started to squeeze them. I almost died. The sheer abandonment of it all. And then he was fumbling with the buttons on my blouse and before I knew – or cared – he had undone them all and had his hands inside my blouse, brushing my nipples through my bra. And it's one of the skimpy kind and my nipples came up so hard. He was fumbling behind trying to undo the bra and he managed to ruck it up over my breasts.

Quest: Did it lead to sex?

Midwife: Not actual sex.

Quest: Then what?

Midwife: Thingy. You know. A blow-job.

Quest: Please explain.

Midwife: I was very randy; John was sucking and licking on my nipples which I find so very on-turning. And he had his hand between my legs, just brushing over my

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naughties. God, it was heavenly – at least at the time. And he had managed to get my knickers down a little and had his fingers inside me, gently working on me there. The feeling was beautiful – not just because it was him, it always is such a beautiful feeling when a man is playing with you there. Then he eased his fingers out and started brushing over my clitoris – I thought I'd die it was so beautiful. And I was so full of dirty thoughts and was just about to put them to the test when the phone rang.
Quest: In the office?
Midwife: Yes. It was Claire, his wife. He had evidently told her he'd be home early and she was wondering where he was. It was a pure fluke – we'd switched through the nightlines and it just happened to ring on a handy phone. Goodness knows why he answered it? He was supposed to take his kid shopping or something, to see Santa or some rubbish. He was talking to her for ages and I just couldn't resist it. After all, I'd been left on the edge of orgasm when he'd answered it, so I thought it about time to make amends.
Quest: So you did what?
Midwife: He was leaning with his back to the desk, talking to her and it was the 'yes dear, no dear', type of thing. So I sidled up to him and put my hand on him?
Quest: His penis?
Midwife: Yes. I noticed this bulge in the front of him. After all, I think if I'd been a bloke I'd have probably got a hard-on doing to a bird what he was doing to me. So I started to squeeze his penis and he squirmed a bit and stammered on the phone. And then evidently his wife went away to check something and he muttered to me that he wanted me to give him a blow job. To tell the truth I never even stopped to think. I undid his belt and zip and let his trousers fall down and there before me was this bulging triangle of undies. And I could see it move, in jerks, small jerks, and all of a sudden I must admit that I had to gasp for there popping out of the top was his beautiful penis head. I gently eased down his knickers and there it was. It got caught as I pulled them down and sprang up again like a battering ram, knocking at his stomach. God, it was lovely. It was circumcised, the first I'd ever seen like that and it was glorious. Not too big, not too round, but just beautiful. I imagined when it was down – flaccid, is that the word? – it was like a Greek god's. He wasn't all that hairy and his balls hung down well. Then his wife came back and he tried to converse with her while I took him in my mouth and ran my tongue all over it. The funniest thing though was when I sucked one of his balls into my mouth – he gave a quick, inhale – a gasp. And his wife must have said 'what's the matter.' He went all red faced and said that he'd just been pricked . . . which made me giggle, not easy with a mouthful of cock. And then it was over, he was talking to her, and earwigging I could hear him muffing all his sentences. He couldn't put more than about two words together.
Quest: He came?
Midwife: Ever so powerfully. It amazed me how a man could have so much and still screw his wife and other women every day.
Quest: Did it lead to proper sex afterwards?
Midwife: No. I suppose that he'd succeeded in what he wanted. He'd got a girl to relieve him, and that was that. It was a bit funny at work for the next couple of weeks. He tried to get me to go out with him at lunch times and after work, but I had time then to consider my position. I mean there wasn't anything between us. Nothing at all. It was just nice to do at the time. After a few weeks, things got back to normal and I left there on good terms with him. We both realised there was nothing in it.
Quest: The other instance you mentioned earlier. Tell me of that.
Midwife: That was years later.
Quest: But you again had a clandestine relationship with a married man.
Midwife: Yes. And I really do feel terribly bad about this.
Quest: How so?
Midwife: I just do, that's all. I feel very guilty. You see his wife was upstairs, in confinement at the time.
Quest: It happened when you were a midwife?
Midwife: While I was training actually. I did know the chap. It just wasn't out of the blue. I'm not *that* bad, I'll have you know.
Quest: How did you get to know him?
Midwife: It sounds terrible but I'd met him at hospital. He was a doctor, you see, and we used to chat quite a bit. A bit of innuendo, just normal I imagine.
Quest: And how did you come to have sex with him?
Midwife: When we're learning midwifery we often go out with a real midwife on house-calls. It just so happened that at the particular time, Brian's wife was pregnant. It must have been her third child, because normally doctors do anything to make you have babies in hospital. Quite sound practice actually as so much can go wrong – especially on the first occasion. But anyway she was having it at home. And as I worked from a local hospital where Brian also worked I suppose it was inevitable that I should find myself visiting Vicki.
Quest: With a qualified midwife?
Midwife: Of course, I wasn't qualified. She'd had the baby the previous day. I must have been there on about three occasions in all and then Brian and I found ourselves downstairs talking while the midwife was upstairs with Vicki.
Quest: And you had sex like that?
Midwife: Good heavens no, not just like that anyway.
Quest: Do explain.
Midwife: I told you that Brian and I were good friends.
Quest: No.
Midwife: Well that's what I meant when I said that we used to talk a lot – randy at times. You get that in any organisation, don't you. In any contact between men and women?
Quest: But what happened?
Midwife: It got quite funny, after about two or three visits more I began to feel that something was about to happen. Men are at their randiest when their wives are in hospital having babies. I've heard of so many men having it away while their wives are in hospital going through all that pain and effort. Anyway, on this particular time – and don't forget that I'd also been seeing Brian occasionally at work – I had to come downstairs for something and even though Brian is a doctor, he didn't like to be present, so he said, when his wife was being examined by the midwife. As I was going upstairs he was standing at the bottom and he put his hand on my bottom and muttered something about being able to see right up my skirt, which was silly of course because I had a longish uniform on – completely unsexy – and of course he couldn't see anything. But it made me feel all silly.
Quest: So you . . .
Midwife: Oh my god. I was dreadful. I knew the midwife was going to be engaged for a few minutes, so I slipped out of the bedroom and into the bathroom and took off my tights and knickers. I felt so terribly fruity. Really. I know all this sounds pretty silly but it's the absolute truth. Swear. And I went to the top of the stairs and called out for Brian. When he appeared at the bottom of the stairs I moved and opened my legs a bit so he could see and was twirling my tights round my fingers. I saw his face drop – he was absolutely startled.
Quest: What did he do?
Midwife: He beckoned me down and when I went down, I lifted my skirt up at the front as I walked, raising it higher and higher till I just gave him a peek of pubes. When I got to the bottom, I was all giggly, though silent, and I said to him that I didn't feel well and thought I should have an examination. He said he could just about squeeze me in. It was nothing more than that. Just fun – sexy fun admittedly. And no one thought it was the beginning of a big emotional thing. Spontaneous sex is the best.
Quest: And you had sex?
Midwife: We went into the living room and thank goodness it was evening and the curtains were drawn. Brian guided me to the settee and he was exploring me. His hands were going all over me. He didn't undo the top of my uniform, but he was massaging my breasts through the material. I think maybe he undid a button or two and managed to get his hands inside, but he never made actual contact with my boobs. But his grip was so lovely and sexy and he was really squeezing me hard – making me gasp and I began to feel all overcome and warm. He said quite seriously that this was 'silly,' and that there was no time, but I said there would be. To just do it, and with that I just had to unzip him and he was there all erect and proud. He didn't take anything off, he just had it poking through his open flies. I was kneeling on the settee, and this time there was no time for finesse. He came up behind me and I felt him nudging at me and then I knew how desperately I wanted him to fill me. It was

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lovely, but terrifying for I heard the bedroom door open and thought the midwife was coming downstairs, but she must have gone to the bathroom. Anyway, we rearranged ourselves and tried not to look guilty. In a minute or two when we realised she wasn't coming we were back at it and he was nuzzling at me again and then there was this beautiful searing pain as his head parted my lips and darted into me. He wriggled about a bit – I was damp even though there'd been no preliminaries – and I felt him sink deep into me, right up to the hilt so to speak. And slowly, he built up this slow rhythm. I was clawing at the settee, I desperately wanted to scream at him to do it harder – but I knew I couldn't as they'd hear upstairs.

Quest: Did you orgasm?

Midwife: Under those circumstances, no, of course not. Conditions have to be right I just don't orgam on the spot. He got me very excited admittedly, but it was obvious that he'd been without sex for a long time. He came after only about ten or so strokes. Even though they were deep, penetrating strokes, I hadn't even reached half-way point, I don't think, when I felt him lock deep inside me and he stopped moving – well he stopped but I felt his penis contracting and expanding and then I felt this lovely warm wetness deep inside me. And that was that. What more could I do. Anyway, a few minutes later and the midwife was calling for me to go upstairs so I had to hastily put my tights and panties back on. She didn't suspect anything, as I told her I'd just been downstairs chatting to Brian.

Quest: Did you see him again for sex?

Midwife: Once of twice more. We did it properly then, at my place. But as I said earlier, this wasn't a meaningful relationship and anyway I met a nice boy at a party shortly afterwards, so there was no longer any need for secret assignations.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Quantity surveyor, 34 years old, married, town of origin Plymouth**

This – male – interviewee has been married for eight years and has two small children. He lives with his wife and family in a comfortable semi-detached house.

Quest: During the course of your marriage, have you ever been unfaithful to your wife?

Surveyor: On a very limited number of occasions yes, but don't go getting the idea it's something I do regularly. I've only been with four other women during the past eight years, and only one of those was anything approaching a lengthy relationship.

Quest: How long did it last?

Surveyor: About three months.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Surveyor: There's nothing very much to tell. We met, were sexually attracted and had an affair.

Quest: How did you meet?

Surveyor: This girl, Mary, was the PA to the boss of a contractors in the Midlands. I was doing some primary site work and he'd been detailed to make sure I had everything I needed. It was quite good actually. She used to come out to the site in the old man's chauffeur-driven Rolls and pick her way very daintily through all the rubble. He absolutely idolised her – the old man that is.

Quest: Was the anything sexual in their relationship?

Surveyor: God no. Well, the poor old sod's over sixty for a start.

Quest: So what about your relationship with Mary?

Surveyor: She'd come out to the site two or three evenings a week and I'd give her reports and figures and whatnot to give to the old man. Then she'd give me a lift back to my hotel in the Rolls. Sometimes we'd stop for a very brief drink, but we couldn't be too long as the car had to get back. One day though, the old man was away so we stopped for a rather more leisurely drink. The chauffeur went off to get a bite to eat and we spent an hour or so in a pub. It was the first chance we'd had to socialise properly and as the conversation progressed, it became obvious that for all her confidence, she was rather lonely. She was extremely well-paid, but her job cut great inroads into her social life, so she didn't have a regular boyfriend. She seemed to rather envy the fact that I was married. She asked me about my wife and kids and asked whether I was happily married. I told her that it was a pretty good marriage which made her smile rather ruefully and say something to the effect that the nicest men were always spoken for. Seeing she was so down, I put what I thought was merely a friendly arm around her to give her a sort of reassuring hug, but she must have taken it as some kind of pass because she slid up right next to me. It was quite embarrassing.

Quest: How so?

Surveyor: I couldn't really push her away; that would have been too unkind. By the same token, I didn't want to encourage her. I thought I'd give her a friendly peck and get up and go to the loo or something, but that turned out to be the worst thing I could've done as the peck was turned by her into a very wet and passionate kiss. I had aimed for her cheek, but she twisted round so as to get it full on the mouth. It was a very hungry kiss on her part. She was obviously very eager. I suppose looking back on it I could have extricated myself from the situation, but I remember thinking at the time that it had all got out of my control and about the only option open to me was to drift along with the tide and see what happened.

Quest: What did happen?

Surveyor: We'd just broken off from that first kiss when the chauffeur came back from his meal and said that he was ready when we were. We went back out to the car and she was all over me, saying that she wanted to stay with me for the night and things like that. We got into the back of the car and she pressed this button which raised a glass partition between us and the driver. It wasn't blacked-out or anything, you could see through it, but your couldn't hear anything. There was this sliding hatch if you wanted to speak to the driver. She

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told him to head for my hotel, which was about a thirty minute drive, and then put up the barrier. She gave me another kiss and then started stroking my thigh. I was nervous in case the driver should see anything. I mean all he had to do was turn round and there was also his driving mirror. I suppose tact and cool must be part and parcel of a chauffeur's training, because although he must have sensed what was going on, he seemed not to notice.

Quest: What did go on?

Surveyor: She fellated me. Very well too. She'd begun by stroking my thigh and it didn't take her too long to work up to the bulge in my trousers. I was half-trying to stop her, but at the same time fervently hoping that she wouldn't. She began playing with my zipper and I let her open it because I thought she just wanted to slip her hand inside and fondle me. Not a bit of it though. She produced my erection into the light of day and with a little chuckle began to suck the top. I was absolutely terrified that the driver would see or that other drivers would get an eyeful, but Mary didn't seem to care less. She was practically squatting on the floor trying to get my whole length down her throat. I was hanging onto the handgrips like grim death, trying to preserve some sense of dignity at least from the waist up, but she was getting frenzied down below. I was afraid what she'd do if I came in her mouth, my wife's very anti that, but she didn't seem to care. She must have known I was near the brink because she put all her energies into taking me over the top and when I did come, she took it all down without a murmur, smiling up at me when I was spent. Then she lay back on the seat and whispered 'Now you do the same to me,' but I couldn't. I wanted to, but the though of eating out a pussy in the back of a Rolls just seemed too absurd and anyway we weren't that far away from my hotel.

Quest: What happened when you reached your hotel?

Surveyor: Mary told the driver he could leave her there as she had some work to finish with me. That made me smile inwardly as nothing could have been nearer the truth. We went up to my room and made love.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Surveyor: Very much so. As I said earlier, the relationship lasted three months.

Quest: What ended it?

Surveyor: Well to tell you the absolute truth, it hasn't really ended. It's true that we don't see each other nearly as much as we did. Our initial affair lasted while I was in the Midlands and for a while after, but it just became too difficult to get away. But whenever I'm up in that part of the world on business, I invariably see her. I suppose it works out to once every month or so. She has a regular boyfriend now, but she still likes to see me, which of course is very flattering.

Quest: Do you have sex on these occasions?

Surveyor: Yes, but it isn't always that easy.

Quest: Why?

Surveyor: Well not all of my trips involve an overnight stay, so we have to be very devious if we want sex. We've become experts in doing it in all manner of unlikely places. Necessity is the mother of invention, as they say.

Quest: You mean the back of a Rolls would now strike you as commonplace?

Surveyor: Totally. Would you believe we've even done it on a stand at a Trade Fair?

Quest: The mind boggles. Do tell me how.

Surveyor: It was this exhibition at which my outfit had taken a stand. I'd gone up for a couple of days and naturally enough, Mary came to meet me. The first day was for the press only and I got Mary a ticket so she could wander round as it's a lot less crowded when the general public aren't there. The ideas was that she'd turn up about an hour before closing time, have a browse round and then go out to dinner with me. This she did, but when she got to our exhibit, I was involved with some terribly earnest chap from one of the trade papers doing an interview. All I wanted to do was get shot of him and go out with Mary, but he kept droning on and on and of course as I was representing my company I couldn't tell him to bugger off. So I had to make out I was interested and just grin and bear it. I could see that Mary was beginning to get a bit fidgety, so I excused myself from the chap for a second and showed her into our hospitality room. All the stands had one. It wasn't so much room as a little roofless cubicle backstage, so to speak, where you could sit down and have a drink with a customer in comparative peace and quiet. I showed Mary where the drink was, told her I'd be as quick as I could, and then went back to this awful bore.

Quest: How long did he stay?

Surveyor: Another hour at least. No offence, but some of your press colleagues really can drone on. When he finally left, the place was almost empty. There were some people about getting the place ready for the public opening, but not that many. I went to get Mary only to discover that she'd put away the best part of a bottle of Dubonnet and was feeling decidedly randy. I wanted to get her out and back to my hotel, but she was being all giggly and flirty. She kept going on about a special surprise she'd got for me.

Quest: What was that?

Surveyor: Some rather lurid underwear. She lifted up her skirt and showed me. Stockings and suspenders and some rather saucy panties.

Quest: Saucy in what way?

Surveyor: They looked just like an ordinary pair of black panties, but they had this split between the legs. I thought they were a bit tarty actually, but I didn't say anything as she'd obviously bought them with me in mind.

Quest: So what happened?

Surveyor: She was backed up leaning against a table holding her dress up to her waist and asking me what I thought. I replied that I thought they were dead sexy, so then she said, 'What are you going to do about it then?' I said, 'Come back to the hotel and I'll show you,' but she said that she wanted me to show her now, there and then. The idea did appeal to me, it seemed a very randy sort of thing to do, so I winked at her, slipped off my jacket and got myself into a nice clinch with her on the little sofa we had. The nice thing about her panties was that they gave me instant access to her fanny. She looked so wanton, very prim and demure to waist level but a total sexpot from there down. Legs opened wide, skirt around her waist and her pubes peeping out from that slit. I was playing with her and she had me out too, giving it little sucks and licks, but basically just playing with it. Little by little we sort of slid down onto the floor and started having sex. Then I heard the Hoover.

Quest: Sorry?

Surveyor: The cleaners were doing the place over for the public opening. Basically all the stands are carpeted, so they had the Hoovers out and were giving the place a good clean. I heard this Hoover doing the front of our stand. I froze. I mean all anyone had to do was open the door, which didn't have any sort of lock, and there we were, in flagrente delecto, or whatever you call it. I was scared to move in case I made any noise and all I could do, all we both could do, was lie stock-still and listen to this thing getting nearer.

Quest: Presumably this brought the sexual activity to an end.

Surveyor: Far from it. As you can well believe, when I heard the noise, I went completely limp and slipped out, but the nearness of discovery seemed to turn Mary on to an extraordinary extent. She got down on her knees and began to work me up with her mouth. It took some doing too, as I was pretty shaken. She really went at it though, playing with my balls and running her tongue over everything. When I was sort of semi-erect, she straddled me and eased me inside her. We must have been making an immense amount of noise, but nobody came – except us, if you'll excuse the pun. I don't think I'd ever seen her that excited. She's the kind of girl that loses every inhibition when she's really turned on and believe me, she was turned on with a vengeance. Seeing her like that made me fully erect and I came in no time at all. I don't think that she can have come with me, because she got off me and then got down on all fours and wanted me to do it to her doggy fashion.

Quest: Did you succeed?

Surveyor: Yes I did. I don't normally consider myself a great potent male athlete, but this was one of those rare occasions when all things are possible. I got myself into her again and we had this mad, bucking frenzied bout until we both came together. After that, we were both too exhausted to do anything for a while, but eventually, we tidied up and left.

Quest: Were the cleaning staff still about?

Surveyor: Yes. We got one or two slightly odd looks, but nobody said anything.

Quest: And you still see Mary.

Surveyor: Occasionally, but we're a bit more circumspect when it comes to sex.

Quest: Thanks very much.

D. D. Home

continued from page 36

then become hostile and accuse Home of ignoring her. He went away for a rest cure, and on his return found the widow had taken up with another medium, and had decided to sue Home for the return of her money. According to Home's account, Mrs Lyon had wanted to adopt him and see him financially independent: his attempts to become a sculptor, public speaker, and actor were to enable himself to do just that, as he still refused to accept payment for seances. Home says that he agreed to accept a modest sum from Mrs Lyon, but had no idea that her impression of a modest sum was, initially, £24,000.

Mrs Lyon claimed that she heard voices telling her to give this, and more money to Home, and was under Home's 'mystic influence'.

The court made Home return the money, though Mrs Lyon had to bear the whole costs of the case. There was little suggestion that Home had done anything that anyone else would not have done if offered a small fortune by a 75-year-old widow.

Soon after the Mrs Lyon case, Home met Lord Adare, an Irish peer with a penchant for huntin', shootin' and fishin', and who was a war correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, where mercifully his by-line was not his full name, which was Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quinn, Earl of Dunraven. Adare had a prominent part to play in Home's life, and wrote his own account of the Home phenomenon, *Experiences In Spiritualism With D D Home*, first published privately in 1869, and reprinted in 1924 by the Society for Psychical Research. Adare's book contains accounts of some astonishing incidents – one is almost tempted to use the word incredible. It must not be forgotten that Adare was a very close friend of Home's: they even shared a room for a time, which added to the rumours of Home's homosexuality, though it seems highly unlikely they would have admitted so openly to sharing a room together if their relationship was a homosexual one, in days when this was a crime.

There is also evidence to suggest that Home may have induced Adare to take drugs, and several of Adare's accounts about Home do bear signs of a mixture of hallucination and hypnosis, such as the occasion when Home 'seemed to grow at both ends', or when he levitated 'and in each hand there came a little globe of fire (to my eyes, blue); the effect was very pretty.' On another occasion Adare wrote:

'Home stood up and said, "He is very strong and tall," and standing there beside me, Home grew, I should say, at least six inches . . . I placed my hands on his feet, and they were level on the ground. . . . He appeared to grow also in breadth and size all over, but there was no way of testing that. He diminished down to his natural size, and said, "Daniel will grow tall again"; he did so, and said, "Daniel's feet are on the ground." He walked about and stamped his feet.'

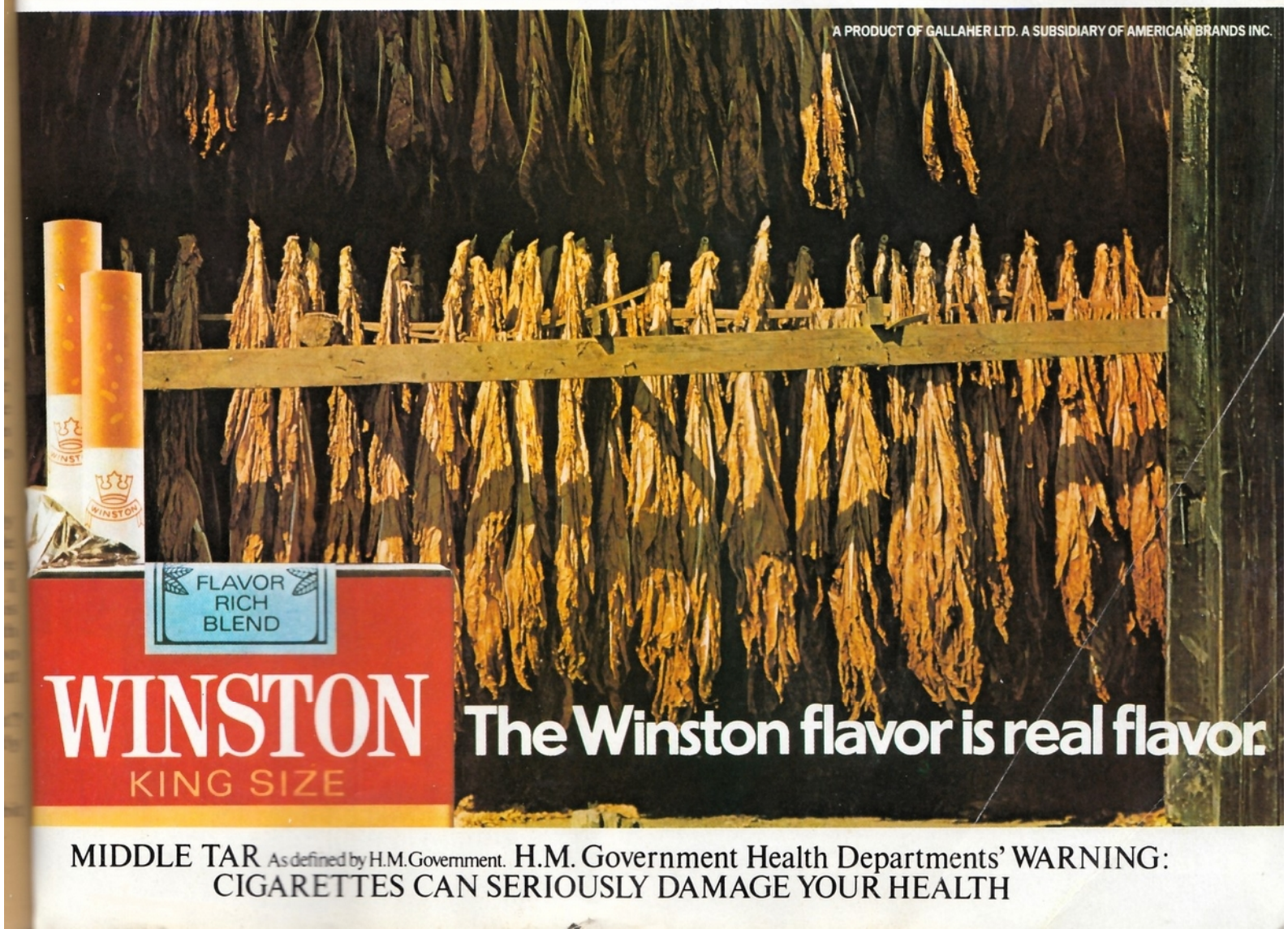
But Adare's are not the only accounts of Home's elongation and levitation, and it is fortunate that they are not, for he seemed to be a somewhat gullible witness.

Home's tour-de-force is always quoted as the levitation that caused him to float out of one window and in at another at Ashley House in Victoria. Adare's account of this (there were others present) seems at first sight to be conclusive evidence of Home's aerial acrobatics, but if examined closer we see a different story: one of exaggerations, half-truths and assumptions. As an example, Home was only seen entering through the second window, and it was therefore assumed that he must have floated out of the first window and across the space in between. It is a great pity that this is the best-known, for it is also the one that stands up least to close scrutiny.

The next few years were fairly quiet by Home's standards, contenting himself with extending his repertoire to include the handling of live coals and bathing his face in the flames of a fire: he performed both of these feats several times, and they are as well documented as his other 'miracles'. In 1871 Home was back in Russia, where he was examined by scientists from the Russian Academy of Science.

In their laboratories, under what we can only assume were reasonably diligent eyes, Home is alleged to have caused objects to

turn to page 151



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continued from page 147

move by the force of his mind, which included removing and replacing a ring on the finger of Dr Karponitch, the head of the group, and also causing a bell to be suspended in the air for a few brief moments after Home had let go of it.

Home then returned to London, where he underwent more tests, this time for Sir William Crookes, OM, FRS, who was president of the Society for Psychical Research for three years.

Crookes's experiments were a mixture of scientific tests and darkened seances, and they have since come under even closer scrutiny than Crookes tried to apply to Home. Even at the time, Crookes was told by his critics, in no uncertain terms, that he had obviously been duped by a smart operator when he reported his findings on Home. His reply to the accusations was a resigned request that as a scientist he should be given some credit for common sense and reasonable alertness.

How much common sense Crookes had is arguable. During a seance that he records on November 25, 1871, he writes that a spirit was tapping out answers to questions, and so Crookes asked the spirit if it knew the Morse alphabet. The spirit rapped that it did (it must have been a recently dead spirit, as the Morse code had not then been in use very long). Crookes then asked for a message in Morse, and when this had been given he admits, 'My knowledge of the code . . . is not sufficient to enable me to say positively that it was a message; but it sounded exactly like one; the long and short taps and the pauses were exactly similar, and Mr C Gimingham, who has had practice with the Morse code, feels almost certain that it was so.' All of which doesn't say a great deal for Mr Gimingham's ability, or Mr Crookes's shrewdness.

And at a seance in May of that same year, a message was being tapped out by a spirit, and the letters written down by the observers were WE IGH. This sent the group of five into complete confusion, and they proceeded to cross-examine the spirit like demented Scrabble players challenging the legality of a word. It took them some time to realise that the word was WEIGH, and one can almost hear the spirit tapping his spirit fingers in impatience.

The word, though, referred to an experiment that Crookes carried out several times, with results that are difficult to explain by simple ineptitude on his part, or indeed by any other means. Asking Home to try to influence the weight of a 14lb table by mental means, while Crookes lifted it on a spring balance, the researcher recorded variations in weight of between 12lb and 23lb.

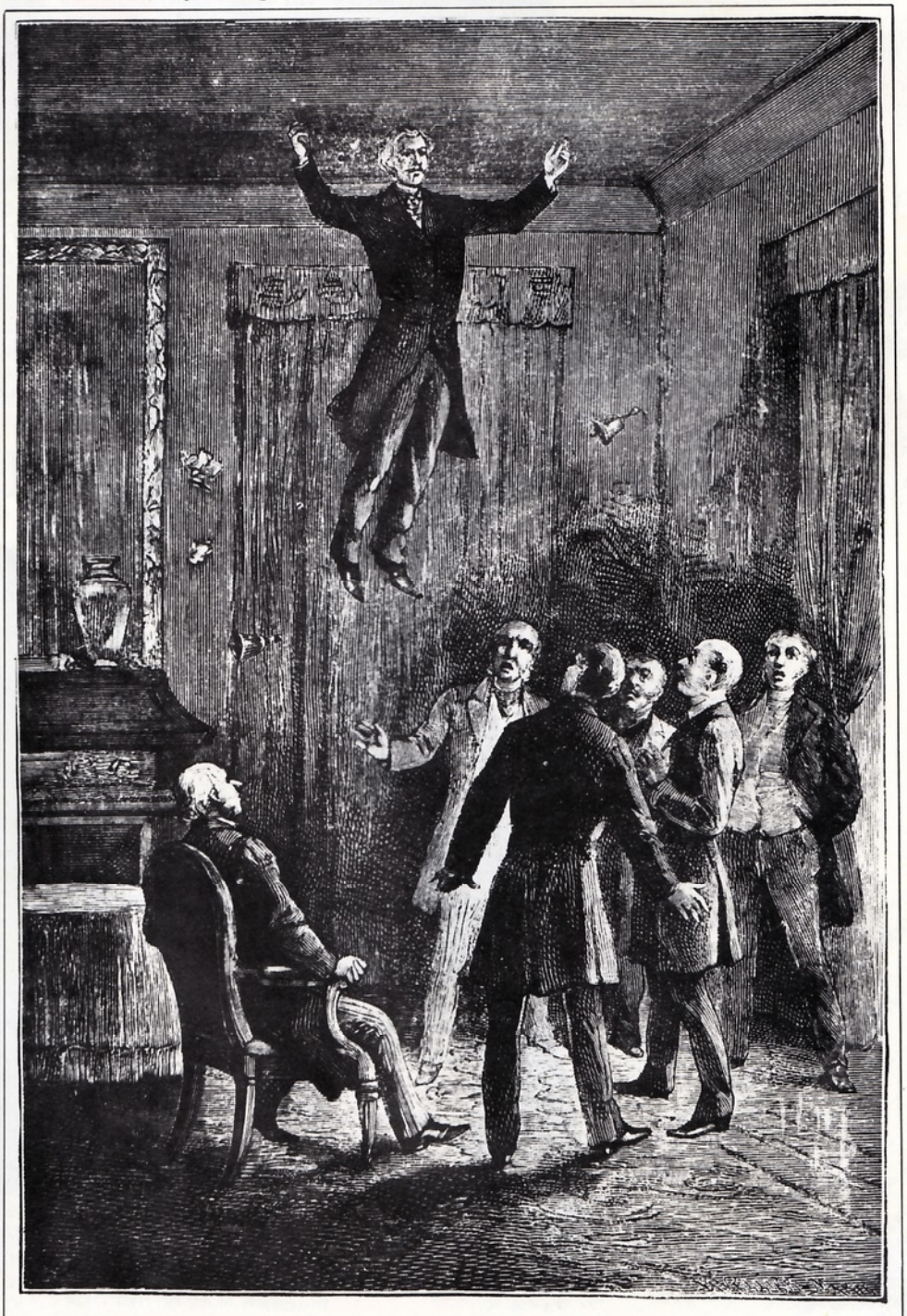
Such alterations in weight, though the experiment was done in a somewhat crude manner, are astonishing if true.

But Home's health remained as bad as ever, and the next few years were spent in semi-retirement, travelling round Europe with his second wife, whom he had married in 1871. One echo of his childhood, though, occurred in 1882. He was staying in Switzerland and his wife found him staring out of their window into an empty garden. 'Look, there is Delaage,' she reports him as saying. Henri Delaage being a French author friend that the Homes had not seen for some months. The figure apparently disappeared from Home's view, and it was several months before they discovered that Delaage had died at about the same time.

Home only lived to be 53, dying in Paris on June 21, 1886, when his frail lungs finally gave way completely.

He once said to his investigator, William Crookes, 'Now, William, I want you to act as if I was a recognised conjurer, and was going to cheat you and play all the tricks I could. Take every precaution you can devise against me, and move about and look under the table or where else you like. Don't consider my feelings. I shall not be offended. I know that the more carefully I am tested the more convinced will everyone be that these abnormal occurrences are not of my own doings.'

Was this the confident bravado of a supreme magician who tells you that he has nothing up his sleeve in the certain knowledge that you will watch his sleeve and not see what he palms from his pocket? There is a Sherlock Holmes aphorism which says that the best way to hide something is to put it under the light. Home certainly put everything he had under the light of public scrutiny, and he was never found out. Perhaps he was a brilliant conjurer and hypnotist, whose tricks no other conjurer could emulate (Houdini once claimed that he could, but he never got round to proving it). But if Home wasn't such a master trickster, then the world around us isn't quite the place it seems to be.



Famous artist's impression of Home floating to the ceiling of a flat in Sloane Street.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb No. 12

There's nothing quite like
Soft falling snow
For rousing Mirandas
And making them go.

Eager as children
Out on a spree
They shrug off their knickers,
Regardless who'll see.

So all you males who
Love girls like these
You're certain of one way
To make them say, 'Please – '

Forget soft music,
Dinners, dance halls.
Get out in the country,
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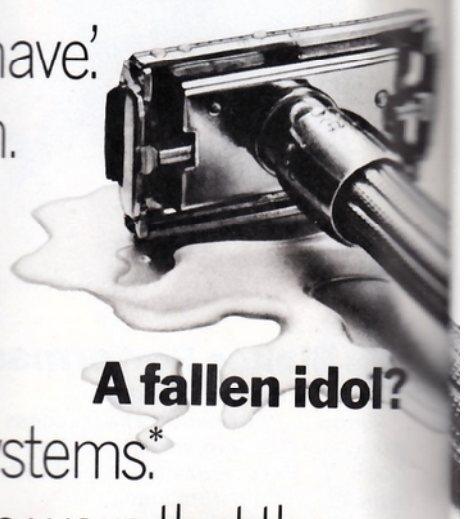
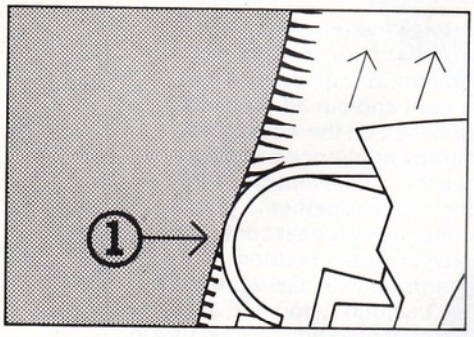


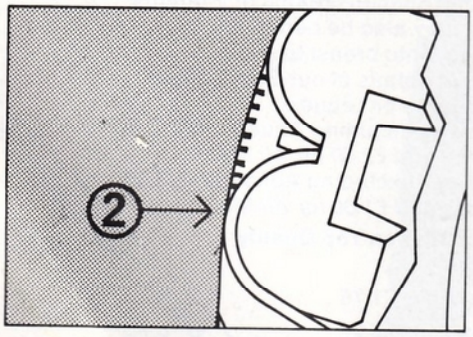
A fallen idol?

The research company's conclusions were that the new M3 performs as well as, or better than, a wet shave system in terms of closeness, smoothness and overall comfor

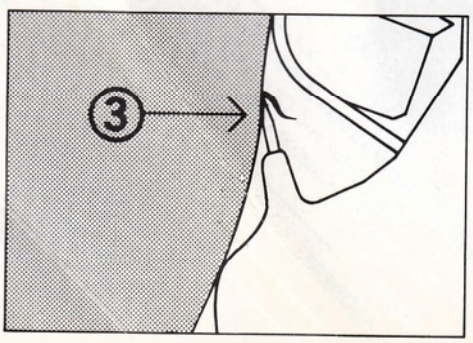


The new M3 works on a principle similar to the latest wet shave systems.

1. As the first foil head cuts your bristles, it lifts them.



2. Before the bristles fully retract, the second foil head cuts them even closer.



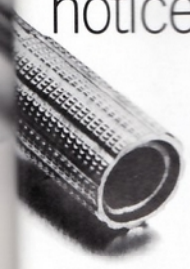
3. Finally, the unique 'Intercept Cutter' removes any long stray whiskers that escape the foil heads. (Something that electric shavers have never been able to do till now.)

*Source: Consumer Response Corporation. New York.

shaver that can as a wet razor.

Take a close look at the Remington M3 at your nearest stockist and compare it to a single headed foil shaver.

Apart from the fact that there are two of them, you'll notice that the M3's foil heads are slimmer.



They're designed that way for two reasons.

First to get a closer contact with your beard, second to give you a really snag-free comfortable shave.

The new Remington M3 comes in three beautifully packaged models, the M3 Mains, the M3 Mains De-Luxe and the M3 Rechargeable.

The Remington M3. No water, no lather, no mess, just the ultimate shave.

The Remington M3
The Ultimate Shave

M3
SPERRY REMINGTON

LAURA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

When asked her ambition, 20-year-old Laura McAndrew's reply is a model of succinctness. 'I want,' she avers, 'to be a movie star and go to Hollywood. I think I was born twenty or thirty years too late actually.' She grins ruefully. 'I'm very into all the old Hollywood greats from Jean Harlow right up to Monroe. I'd love to have been around when they were making films. It must have all been terribly exciting.' At present, Laura is

trying to get into drama school, but is encountering two stumbling blocks. 'The first is my figure, which may sound a bit daft, but it's true,' she says. 'The general thought seems to be the bigger your bosom, the smaller your brain and,' she pauses to gaze down at her opulently rounded 37–25–36, 'I'm hardly what you'd call flat-chested, am I? It's so silly really. My academic qualifications are fine, but when I go for interviews, people think I'm just trying to get in because I'm on a great star-trip, and although I'd be the first to admit I do find the glamour very tantalising, I'd place my ambition to be an actress on a higher level.' And the second stumbling block? 'My accent,' grins Laura, 'which, for the benefit of your readers is broad Glasgow. Still, if Billy Connolly can make it, I don't see why I can't. It *is* a strong accent I know and it does need some softening, but ethnic accents are supposed to be all the rage, aren't they, so once I've modulated it a wee bit, I should be OK.' She smiles. 'I'd be laughing if they ever decided to

reshoot *Rob Roy* or the *Heart of Midlothian,* wouldn't I? In fact, just about the best play I've ever seen on television was set in Glasgow. It was called *Just Another Saturday Night.* Did you see it? It won hundreds of awards. It was really brilliant; I'd have given my eye-teeth just for a walk-on part.' Laura grows solemn for a moment. 'Getting started is the hardest thing and I do get a bit demoralised sometimes. The only consolation I have is that it's the same for everyone, whether you're Olivier or me, you have to start at the bottom of the ladder.' Or the casting couch? 'Never in a million years,' says Laura firmly, 'I'd rather be a flop than sleep my way to success. I've got nothing but contempt for girls who do that. I'll either make it on merit, or I won't make it at all, so when my name's in lights, you'll know it got there honestly. It'll take time, but just be patient,'

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The White Man Must Die

continued from page 24

ponderous in his ways, 'Mvu, the tall ginger white man. He is to be killed.'

'And who will kill him?'

'We don't know, yet. But he will die. He has to die.'

For hours he had been torn by indecision. If the white man was killed, that was good. But it was also bad, for, if he was killed, then what would happen to his own job? This job as Latrine Orderly (Civilian) had cost him dearly; he had had to bribe the Clerical Orderly (Civilian) with a promise of sleeping with his sister and a gallon of fresh Marula wine, both of which had cost him his first month's salary – £11. If the Commanding Officer died, who would replace him? If no-one replaced him, or if it was a white man who was not so fussy about sharing his lavatory with others – so long as they were white – would he still have his job?

Torn by this agony, he had at last come to a terrifying decision. He must warn the white man. At least that way he must be rewarded, and if the man was killed, why then, he could always say that he had done his best.

'Please, Master,' he had quavered, knees knocking, in front of the awesome man's desk.

Angrily, the man rocked back in his chair, camouflage shirt stretching ominously across his broad muscular chest. With growing irritation he studied this thing in front of him, this ponderous, slow-moving black man, barefoot, wearing a cast off army jersey and smelling of Harpic.

'Yes, Mvu. What do you want now?' All they ever did was ask for things, these kaffirs.

'Please, Master, my uncle – '

'What about your uncle?' roared the man, 'I suppose he has died? I suppose you want leave? Is that what you want, eh? Well, if that's what you want, then you can bloody well go for good. Honestly, I am sick and tired of you bloody kaffirs. All you do is want, want, want.' He paused for breath.

'Please Master,' Mvu tried again, swallowing the nervous bile that rose in his throat. 'Please Master, I only wish to tell you what it is that my uncle has said.'

Suddenly, swiftly, the white man leant forward, saying quietly, alertly, 'Yes, Mvu, what has your uncle said?'

'Master, it is said that you are to be killed.'

For a second that seemed to drag on into eternity the Commanding Officer gazed deep into Mvu's eyes. Deep blue had pierced far into dark African brown. Across aeons countless spirits had surfaced, flexed their muscles, and subsided. The blue spirits of the Norsemen had briefly challenged the brown spirits of the Hammites, then, finding that there was no way past the barriers to the mind had retreated, baffled.

Leaning back in his chair the white man had roared with laughter, coarse, unkind laughter. Jumping nervously the black man half turned, and then bolted for the door, tears of unexpected rage coursing down his cheeks. At the door he paused, hearing through the wild pounding in his brain, 'Kaffir, you just tell your "uncle" that no-one can kill me. I am invincible. Remember that, eh? Now, GET OUT!'

As Mvu hurried out, past the lavatory where he was now seated, he came as near to blushing as his skin would allow. Red-brown in the face and with tears spurting from his eyes he ran blindly to his bed. Once there, lying on the rush mat on the floor, he had sobbed hysterically for some time, tears making dark stains on the cool earthen floor. Gradually, reality had returned, and slowly, ponderously, he analysed the situation.

On the one hand, the white man must surely die, on the other, he needed his own job. Slowly, though, he realised that, if the jungle telegraph was to be believed, no-one had yet been nominated for the honour. So, obviously, he must be the one. He must do the deed. It was almost as though God had personally pointed his finger at him and appointed him, Mvu, to rid Africa of this scourge – at whatever cost to himself.

In a flush of good feeling Mvu had stretched out on his bed, confident that now God had intervened, his life was secure. It was only now that he was seated, evacuating himself in violent nervous spasms, his excrement mingling with that of his dreaded opponent, the man that he was destined to kill, that he began to be filled with doubts. After all, he, the one of slow, ponderous movements, how could he possibly murder this man?

Several wild schemes flashed before his eyes – should he put a puff adder under the toilet seat? No, he would probably be bitten himself. Should he throw a hand grenade into the lavatory? No, they always guarded near the door when the Commanding Officer was in his 'office'.

Outside the camp, slipping through the near dawn darkness like the breezes that were worrying the shadows in Mvu's lavatory, were seven men. These seven men were all hand-picked. Their leader, a short wiry man with a sparse 'Guevara' beard had been trained in the art of guerilla warfare in Cuba. He hated white men, even Cubans, whom he despised as being hypocritical. He would only rest when all of Africa was populated by black men alone. His mother, perhaps with a sense of foreboding, had named him Moses.

Quietly skirting the camp where the white soldiers were pacing up and down behind their fortifications, grimly alert, Moses led his men to the edge of a moonlit glade. When they were all with him, lying prone to the ground, covering themselves from every direction, he gave a small smile and raised his arm in traditional black power salute.

'Comrades,' he said, talking in a low undertone, 'At last we are here. Tonight we begin the struggle for liberation in real earnest. Tonight we fight as men. Tonight we rid the world of the hated ginger monster that has killed so many of our people.'

The youngest of the men, Ngwe, the leopard, stretched, snarled, and said, again in an undertone, 'If we didn't make so many speeches, comrade Moses, maybe we could have won this war long ago.'

A shocked silence came over the glade – it was as though the insects themselves were awaiting the explosion. It never came.

'Moses, there is a light in the man's lavatory.'

Immediately all the men scrambled around, straining to see through the night towards the camp.

'Ah, we have him!'

'Comrades, now is the time.'

'You three take the back gate, create a diversion as planned. You three come with me. We'll start by sending a rocket into that lavatory.'

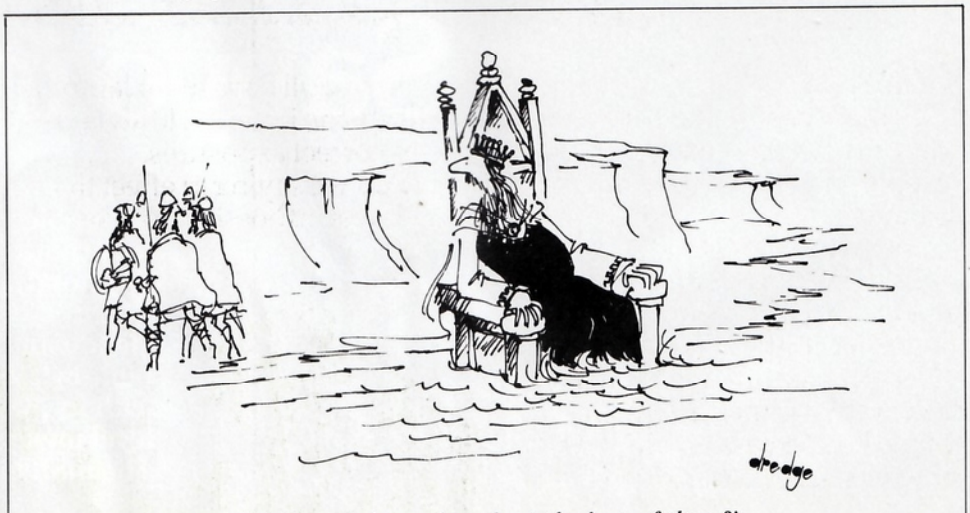
'That should give him the shits!'

Laughing silently, like children about to be given a seaside treat, hardly able to contain themselves, they slipped like night birds through the trees to their positions.

Casually, almost languorously, Ngwe rolled over in the dew damp grass, clipping a rocket shell into the barrel of the Chinese-made launcher that he had carried, eight miles from the base on the other side of the Zambesi. Casually, but with great precision, he aimed the missile at the lavatory, glancing across at Moses, who nodded grimly.

'We wait for the diversion; wait for three seconds then fire.'

'Yes, Master,' parodied Ngwe, grinning in-



'Hold on lads — what about the best of three?'

wardly, knowing this would rile Moses. 'Idiot . . .' began Moses, his words cut short by a burst of automatic fire from the other side of the camp. Counting slowly to three, Ngwe squeezed the trigger, sending the rocket roaring through the darkness towards the lavatory. Almost at the same time, the other men began raking the guard post with their weapons. Moses, working methodically, loaded another rocket into the still smoking launcher. Inside the lavatory there was sudden chaos. With an almighty crash the rocket projectile tore in through the window, and then out through the thin mud wall, showering Mvu with glass and dried mud. His immediate act was to make one final, desperate evacuation and to try to stand. As the missile tore through the wall the fuse ignited and a split second later it exploded, the back blast tearing the door of the room off its hinges and sending it spinning up into the air. The main force of the explosion, however, did no harm, the projectile erupting as it did in mid-flight, some ten yards from the lavatory.

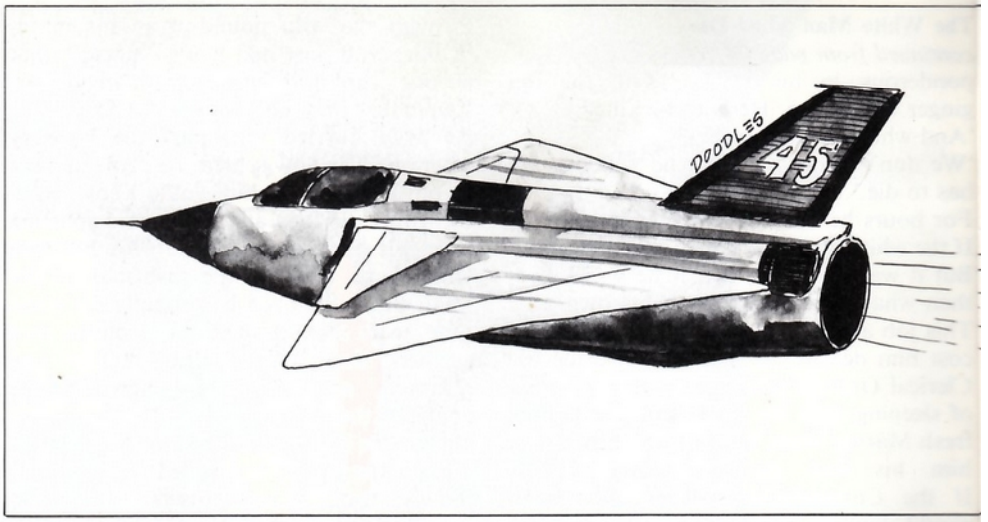
To the watchers in the bush, especially on Moses' side, it seemed as though the rocket had exploded inside the lavatory and done its job. Quickly, Ngwe selected the fuel tanks as his next target.

Whoosh!

'Two good hits. Quite good for a kaffir, eh, Master?'

'Shut up, Comrade, let's get on with it.'

'Look out! There's a flare going up!'



Rolling swiftly into the undergrowth, the guerillas closed their eyes, cupping a hand over one so that, if forced to look while a flare was burning, they would still have one eye adjusted to the dark when it was finished.

Events moved quickly now. The three diversionaries picking individual targets, here a Landrover fuel tank, there a man running. All the men moved hither and thither in the bushes, firing first from one place and then from another, never staying in one place for longer than a few seconds.

In the lavatory, Mvu moved with co-ordination at last. As if in a daze he pulled up his ragged old trousers and moved to the now open doorway. Gazing out he saw, as if lit up with God's Glory, the whole camp illuminated as if by a huge star.

Suddenly, rage overtook him. He knew what had to be done. He knew at last that he would kill the swine. Revenge would be his.

With a violent yell that echoed back across the ages to when his ancestors had been Zulu Impi warriers, he pulled himself up to his full height, took a deep breath, clutched his trousers to him and stormed out into the yard.

'Kill . . . Kill . . . Kill . . .' he chanted. 'Kill . . . Kill . . . Kill . . .' he chanted. 'Kill the red haired devil. Kill him.'

Swiftly, knowing now what had to be done, he headed straight for one of the

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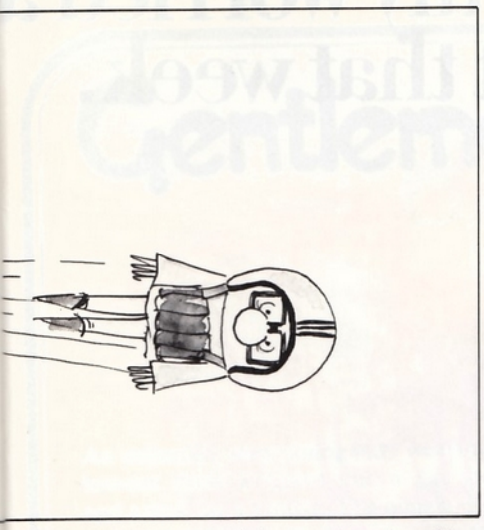

defensive bunker positions – abandoned by its occupants when the fuel tanks burst into flames.

In the gloom inside he saw what he needed. Picking up the medium machine-gun that was in there he draped himself around with magazine belts of ammunition, just as he had seen the white soldiers do.

Moving outside he pointed the weapon at the wall of the offices and pulled the trigger. The sudden rattle and kicking in his hands made him jump in terror, but the terror changed to glee when he saw the damage that he was doing to the walls of the offices.

Chortling now, he moved out into the open, firing first at the office windows, then at the water tower, then at the spare drums of fuel.

'This,' he thought, 'is far better than crapping in his toilet. This is fun.'

Suddenly there was a terrible crackling all around him. Startled, he looked around, noticing as he did so that the leaves of a tree next to him were shivering as if in a great wind. Swiftly he realised someone was shooting at him.

'Bastard!' he yelled, 'You white bastard, you will never shoot me. I'll kill you.'

With that he let rip a long, heart-stopping burst in the direction from which he thought the bullets were coming.

The firing stopped.

Methodically, then, as he had watched the soldiers do in training, he ran from corner to corner. At each corner he stopped and looked to see if the tall ginger bastard was firing at him. When he saw flashes from the muzzles of the weapons firing at him he returned fire, not stopping until they did.

Twice more he ran into bunkers and came out with extra ammunition. Only dimly did he notice the white troops inside them, keeping their heads well down, but they didn't worry him, he knew who he had to kill. Each time he stopped and ran into a bunker he would shout, 'Wait there you white bastard, I'll be right back!'

After he had gone through his third lot of ammunition it slowly dawned on him that no-one was firing back at all. The white man had stopped shooting back at him, everything was quiet. The only sounds he could hear were the lick and crackle of the flames and the trickle of water from the watertank.

Aghast, drained, he flung the machine-gun away from him.

Slowly, he hitched up his trousers and walked, spent and dejected, towards his bed. He had done it. He had at least had the courage to have a go at the white swine. Hopefully, he was now dead. If not, well, at least he had tried his best. Someone else could have a go now.

'Hey, Mvu, you old so-and-so, come here.'

Glancing up at the voice, he saw, through the dawn glow, to his horror, emerging from the underground command post where he had taken cover, a tall ginger apparition. In the flickering and roaring from the fires the figure seemed to assume ghost-like proportions, floating towards him. 'Catch him somebody.'

'Dammit, he's fainted.'

'Must have been the shock, I guess, fighting that lot off by himself.'

'Do you know, I'm going to recommend that fellow for a medal. I never thought he was serious when he told me someone was going to try to kill me.'

'Excuse me, sir, four of our men wounded, one badly, and the bodies of six guerillas dotted around the fence.'

'Who would have thought it, just because they blew the CO's shit-house door off!'

'Send him in to me later on in the morning, I want to see if he can give me any more information.'

Southerners were never unduly worried a missing the only riverboat that week.

VERRET, BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

The Southern States of America's philosophy on life was never rush or panic.

They took life easy.

So missing a riverboat was no great problem. Even if it meant a seven day wait until the next one.

All you did was sit back and enjoy your picnic on the banks of the Mississippi, instead of on the riverboat on the Mississippi.

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The recipe of which eventually ran to more than 100 pages.

Southern Comfort had a rich amber glow and was the essence of smoothness.

Yet when mixed with soda and chilled with ice, it had a warmth that even made pleasant the sight of the riverboat you j[illegible]issed slowly disappearing down the Mississippi.

After all, it was only seven days until the next on And with a bottle of Southern Comfort around, the tim would pass nice and slow and easy.

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An extremely sexy young lady wearing a low-cut dress wriggled into a pet shop and asked for a budgie. The goggle-eyed assistant pointed to a cage crammed full of budgies and said that she could have whichever one she liked.
'If you can catch me that one over there,' she said, pointing to a vivid blue in the farthest corner of the cage, 'I'll give you the same thing I gave the butcher for my Christmas turkey.'
After half an hour's frantic chasing the man emerged from the cage absolutely dripping in sweat and covered in dust and feathers, but triumphantly clutching the special budgie.
'Now,' he asked, trembling in anticipation, 'what did you give the butcher? . .'
'Forty pence a pound, actually.'

Are nipples Japanese children?

An absent-minded Scot decided to give his girlfriend a yard of genuine plaid for Christmas, but wasn't sure if she'd like the pattern, so he had a pair of shorts made of the same material to wear under his kilt. However, he forgot to put them on the next time he went to see her. Thinking he was wearing them he stood up and twirled round, swiftly displaying himself and said: 'How d'ye like that?'
'It looks fine to me,' she replied.
'Good,' he said, 'because you're going to get thirty-six inches of it for your Christmas present.'

What's red and silly?
A blood clot.

When in the presence of the opposite sex, the young Romeo would get an erection at the slightest provocation so he decided to consult his doctor. 'All you have to do,' advised the GP, 'is to strap your organ to the inside of your leg.'
The man decided it was worth a try.
A few days later the doctor bumped into the Romeo in the street. 'Tell me,' said the doctor, 'did my remedy work?'
'Well, sort of,' said the young man, 'everything was alright until I got my new girlfriend home after a night of dining and dancing. She was climbing the stairs in front of me and turned around to kiss me.'
'And what happened?' said the doctor.
'It was then that I kicked her in the face.'

An elderly retired general had only one passion left in life – he enjoyed a quiet game of croquet. One day, however, to his horror he discovered a mole digging beneath his beloved lawn, causing large molehills to appear upon the beautifully kept surface.
Absolutely livid that his passion could be ruined, the general sent for the local vermin exterminator, an Irishman by the name of O'Toole.
'Now then,' said the general, 'I want you to catch the little bastard and if you can devise a horrible and gruesome way of dispatching him I'll reward you most handsomely.'
O'Toole set to work and within hours had disposed of the mole and went to the general for his fee. The general was most pleased and gave O'Toole a handful of fivers. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what devilish method did you use?'
'To be sure,' said the exterminator, 'I buried the little blighter alive.'

The bartender was waxing lyrical about his new ice-making machine which could produce cubes with holes in.
'Something quite new,' he said.
'Nothing new in ice cubes with holes,' commented one cynic at the bar. 'I've been married to one for the past ten years.'

'I want to see Cleopatra,' demanded Mark Antony.
'I'm afraid she's in bed with laryngitis,' replied the hand-maiden.
'Damn those Greeks.'

A rich socialite had a mania for the smell of burning rubber. She would roar down the street, screech to a halt and sigh with pleasure as the smell of burning rubber pervaded the car.
One day as she was driving through the country she saw a tramp thumbing a lift and decided to give him a scare. She picked him up and roared off in the direction of the nearby cliffs. With only yards to go she slammed on the brakes and managed to grind to a halt inches short of the edge. Winding down the window she said to the tramp, 'Can you smell that?'
'Smell it?' said the tramp, 'I'm sat in it.'

In the French village nestling on the banks of a tranquil river it was the day of the annual swimming championships. From the start the local hero, Pierre, was in the lead. When he reached the first of three bridges he glanced up and saw Annabelle dressed only in bra and panties. 'Win, Pierre, win for me,' she shouted. This, of course, made Pierre speed to the next bridge where to his surprise he saw Christina who had removed her bra and was taking off her panties. 'Win, Pierre,' she shouted. By now Pierre was dragging in the mud but managed to make it to the final bridge where Michelle was waiting, completely naked. 'Win, Pierre, and you can have me.' This made Pierre drag along the bottom so much that he was overtaken and finally lost the race.
Later he was asked by a reporter what had gone wrong. 'It was ze girls on ze bridges,' explained Pierre, 'they made me drag on ze bottom.'
'But what of your famous backstroke?' asked the reporter.
'Ze bridges, mon vieux, ze bridges.'

Mother Madeleine stripped off her habit
And made frantic love to the abbot,
Then pausing for breath,
Cried, 'A fate worse than death
Is to die without once having had it.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes' Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

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LETTERS

continued from page 19

decided to take pictures of each other. When I was posing her with her buttocks towards the camera I developed a larger than usual erection and my wife's vagina was glistening. She turned towards me and she was crying, and believing her to be upset I apologised. But she said they were tears of joy and that she had had an orgasm and begged me to take her from behind.

Now we do it doggie style three nights a week and it's all due to *Mayfair*.

R S, London E10

Thanks for a great magazine which has shown some superb well-known bodies in the past. Here are some for the future. Anne Aston, Jenny Lee Wright, Gabrielle Drake, Linda Hooks, Susie Baker and Susie Mandel.

D Edwards, Coventry

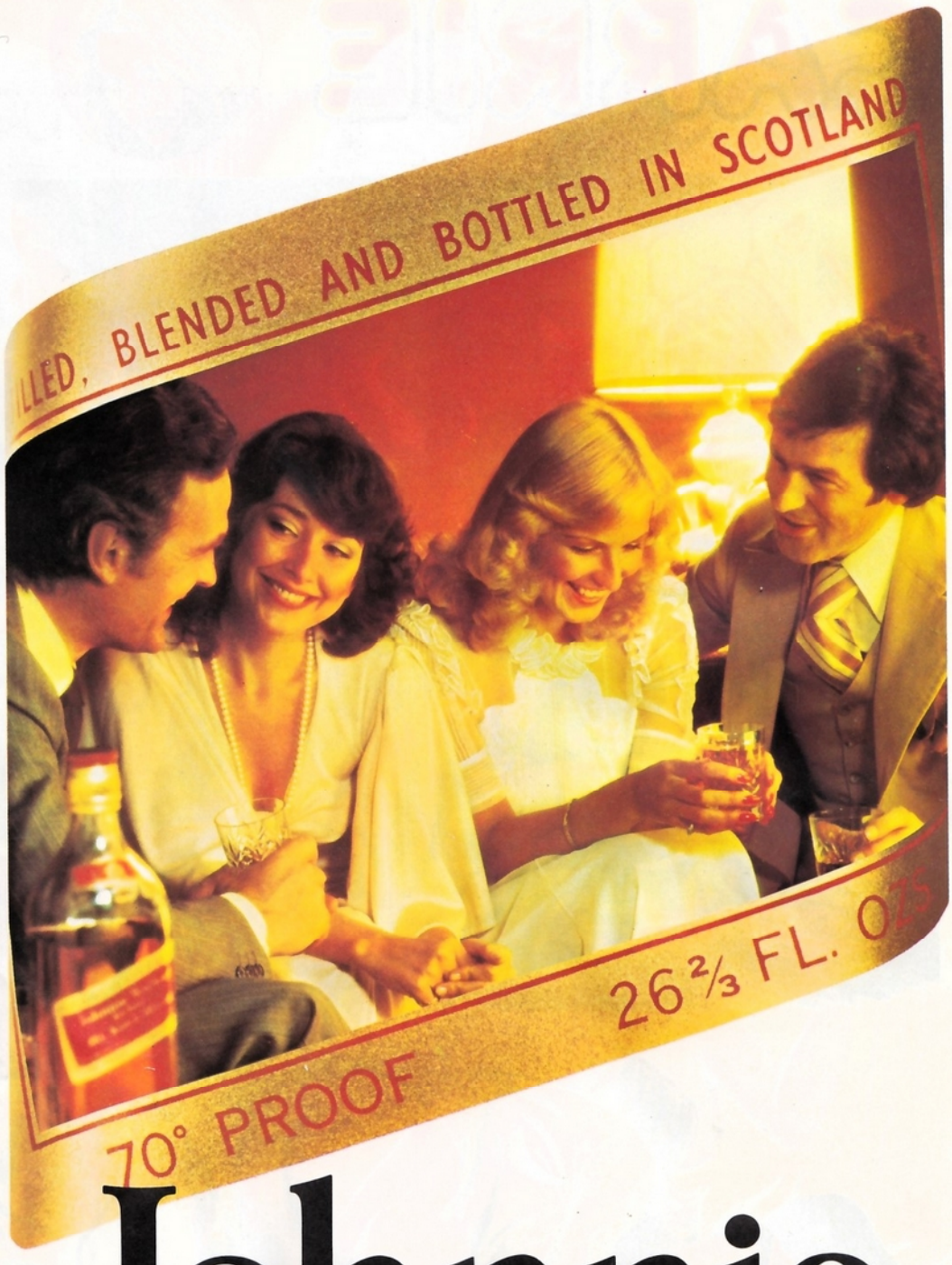
May I suggest that one batch of photos per month should be given over to a fun story set. Slapstick can be fun if not done in a nasty way – how I would like to see, for instance, a lady in a low cut evening gown and white gloves involved in a custard pie sequence. She could be sitting at a table in an expensive restaurant with a friend who again would be fully dressed but who would be displaying a sexy line in knickers, stocking-tops and suspender belt. This friend would pour some wine for the woman in the low-cut gown but would spill some down her cleavage which would reveal a beautiful boob underneath the clingy material. The second girl would then pick up a custard pie and flick a dollop on to the other girl's blouse. Retaliation would follow at which point the girls would get up and pelt each other with custard pies until they were smothered. Then one of the girls would lift up the other girl's skirt and slop a pie down her panties. They would then pull each other's clothes off at which point the waiter would appear to collect the money for the bill. Any chance?

D R Challis, Hauxton

No chance. He'd have to pay them.

Looking over recent issues it struck me that Carrie mark

turn to page 173



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Story by DAVID BRENNER

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LETTERS

continued from page 169

three bears a more than passing resemblance to actress Sally Thomsett who used to be in *Man About the House*. This must be pure coincidence but it's no bad thing. And, it's a definite improvement on Carrie mark two who always struck me as being top heavy.

I've always had a weakness for seeing girls coated with gooey, thicky substances, so what about a strip in which Carrie has an accident with her honey pot. Any kind of old fashioned slapstick would be great – perhaps you could even get a couple of live models to do a slapstick set.

R W S, Sudbury, Suffolk

Mayfair is the most tasteful magazine of its type on sale. Recent correspondents who require photographs of naked males already have their wants catered for in other, less tasteful, magazines. And as for putting the girls' boyfriends in the photos, surely that would have the result of ruining the entire imaginative process.

M W Blackmore, Bristol

With winter settling in – will it be a white Christmas? – I thought readers might like to see what local lads erected last winter *(above)*. Luckily it melted before it had a corrupting influence on our local maidens.

J G, Sheffield

Ah, that's what's meant by snowballs!

I wonder if other readers are turned on by crutchless undies. I discovered my liking when a mate cut the crutch out of a pair of my undies, unbeknown to me. After my shower that evening I slipped into them only to find my balls hanging free, yet at the back my pants were the same as normal. The funny thing was that to my amazement I developed a stonker of a hard-on. Have other readers experienced this attraction?

A S, BFPO Ships

I must agree with R M S in Vol 12 No 9 who was lamenting over the decline of the truly hairy bird. I too am an avid supporter of the pussy – the darker and thicker, the better. Having said that, worthy praise, then, goes to Stephanie Platt who appeared in Vol 12 No 8.

Stephanie certainly did have a truly delightful pussy. One spread, in which the sunlight caught her body hair, was most arousing. Stephanie's well-developed boobs looked gorgeous, crowned with lovely areolae. Her body is so magnificent that I can almost feel it. Could Stephanie not appear again in *Mayfair?*

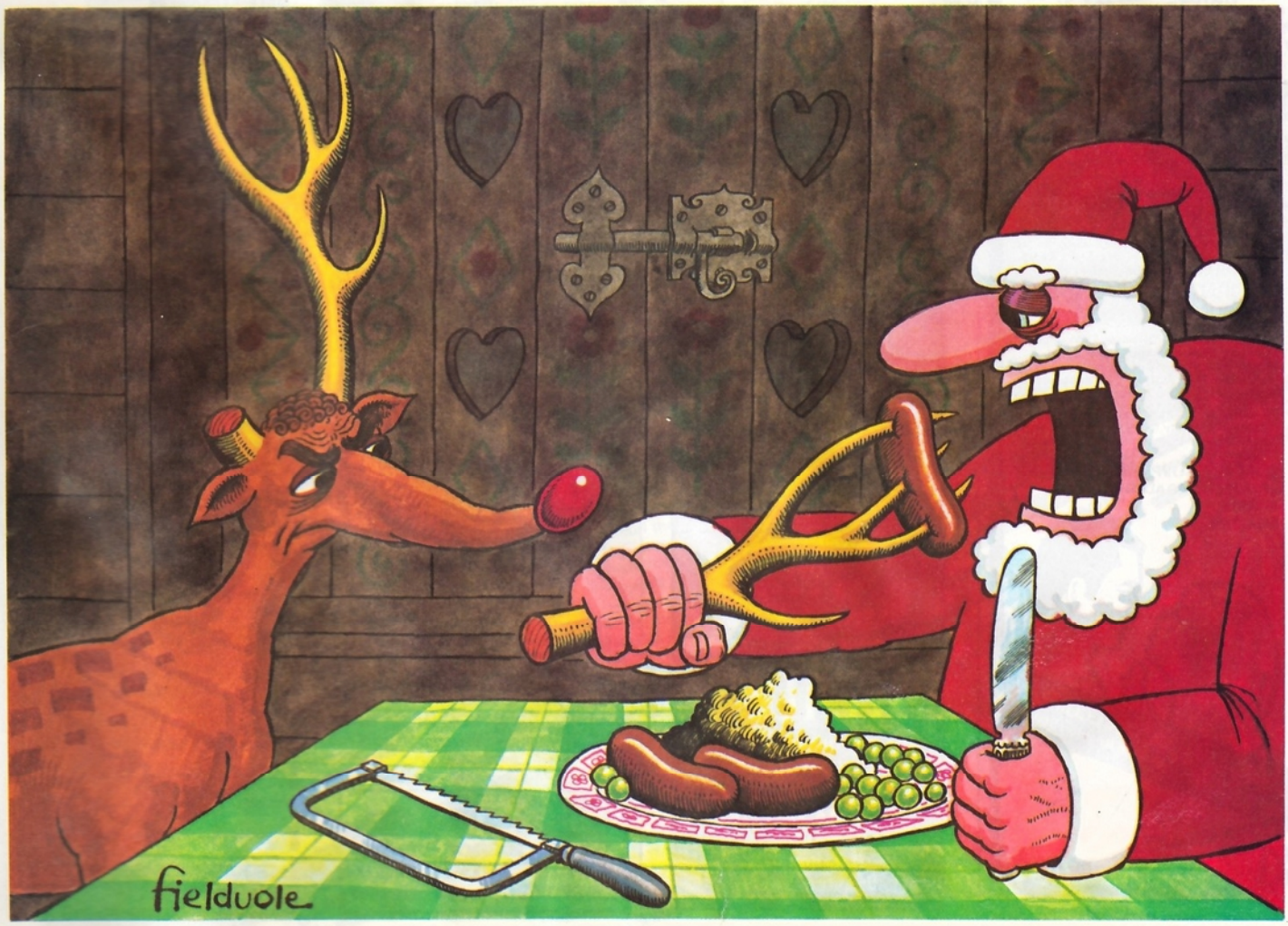
R H. Oxford

As a devoted reader, may I make one suggestion? I would like to see more coloured models featured in *Mayfair*.

Tony Sadler, South Shields, Tyne and Wear.

You will be delighted to know in that case, Tony, that Veronica Diemen – probably the most outstanding coloured model to appear in Mayfair *is included in our eleven page review of the Girls of the Year starting on page 41.*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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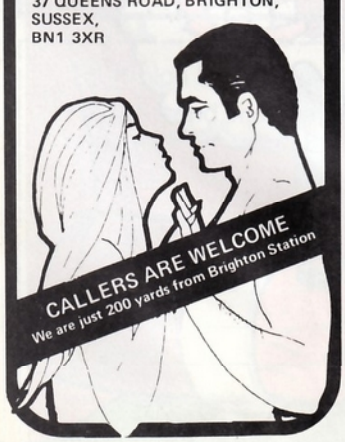

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There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

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An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectured on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £15.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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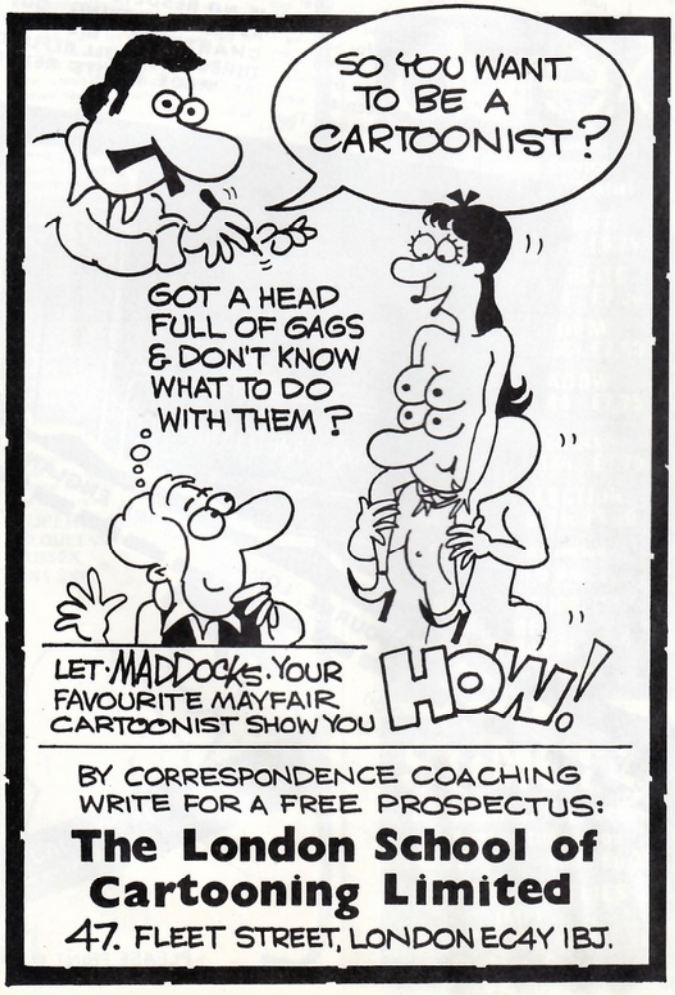

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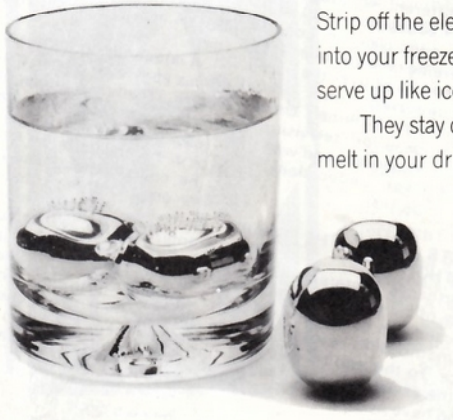

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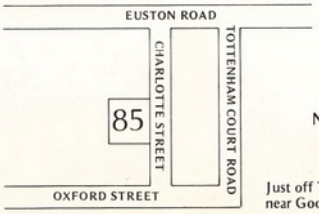

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